

CHILDHOOD OF A PENGUIN (Illustrations by Miss Dorothy A. L. Mackenzie :
Text by T. H. Gillespie)

COUNTRY LIFE

7-7 1920
TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

XLVIII. No. 1229.

Entered as Second-class Matter at
New York, N.Y., Post Office.

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JULY 24th, 1920.

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[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



H.M. KING ALFONSO OF SPAIN.

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OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: GERRARD 2748.

Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: REGENT 760.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: H.M. King Alfonso of Spain ..	101, 102
Against the Community. (Leader) ..	102
Country Notes ..	103
The Making of a Saint, by Isabel Butchart ..	103
The Saltbush Years, by Will H. Ogilvie ..	104
The Childhood of a Penguin, by T. H. Gillespie. Illustrated by Photographs by Miss Dorothy A. L. Mackenzie ..	105
East Anglia: A Voyage of Discovery. I.—The Coast, by Wilfrid Ewart. (Illustrated) ..	108
Restoration at Corpus, Cambridge, by Sir Geoffrey Butler. (Illus- trated) ..	110
Cairn Terriers, by the Hon. Douglas Cairns. (Illustrated) ..	112
Country Home: The Manor House, Hove, by Philip Mainwaring Johnston. (Illustrated) ..	114
Tolstoi as the "Bogatyr" ..	120
Irrigation Between the Two Rivers, by Roland Gorbald. (Illus- trated) ..	122
The Estate Market ..	124
Correspondence ..	125
Housing; The Arab Fisherman; Eton and Harrow Cricket; Fruit for Market (Arnold Keppel); A Rock Rose by the Thames; A Precious Lost Dog (V. H. Friedlaender); Abnormal Plumage in Birds; A White Swallow (H. E. Belcher); The Wreck of the Poultry House (Violet Trevor Wright); The Pruning of Roses; A Scorpion-proof Cradle (L. Keir Hett); Recipes for Mead.	
Triumph of a Good Horse. (Illustrated) ..	127
Letters to Young Sportsmen: On Sailing.—V. On the First Cruise, by Francis B. Cooke. (Illustrated) ..	128
A Wonderful Foursome, by Bernard Darwin ..	130
The Exhibition of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, by Campbell Dodgson ..	lxxxv.
Are Pheasant Coverts Inconsistent with Forestry? by Max Baker ..	lxxxvi.
America and the Davis Cup, by F. R. Burrow ..	lxxxviii.
Fire Insurance and Revised Values ..	lxxxviii.
The Automobile World. (Illustrated) ..	xc.
Machinery on the Farm. (Illustrated) ..	c.
Dress and Its Details at Coxes. (Illustrated) ..	civ.
The Magic of Electricity. (Illustrated) ..	cvi.
Here and There ..	cviii.

EDITORIAL NOTICE

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COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

Against the Community

GREAT BRITAIN has earned a dangerous reputation for improvisation and muddling through. It is dangerous because, although it points to a great practical sense on the part of the people of the country, it may one day lead to a situation when the evil will be done before we have had time to make up for the lack of precautions and preparation. Statesmen will make a great mistake if they delay till the last moment taking measures to check the growing practice of Trade Unions adopting what they call "direct action" to obtain remedies for their alleged grievances. "Direct action" means refusal to perform services to the community which the strikers have been in the habit of performing for payment. The most familiar example is that of the railway strike, when an attempt was made to interfere with the transport throughout the country and force the Government to accede to the views of the railway workers or refuse at the peril of townspeople being starved for lack of food. Miners have frequently threatened to take a similar course. In Manchester, Bristol and other towns dissatisfied workmen have brought the lighting of the cities to a standstill. Now, this means a great deal more than a refusal to work. The inhabitants of towns, young

and old, rich and poor, all suffer, and in many different ways. Though the action is called "direct," it works its greatest evil indirectly. Trades all hang together, and the bakeries in Manchester could not turn out their quota of bread because of the want of light and heat. This outrages certain laws, written or unwritten, on which not only the welfare but the continuation of society depends.

Members of the human race can only live together if they agree upon certain rules to be observed by one another. These rules constitute a social contract. It is obvious that society would soon go to pieces if such crimes as murder and theft were to go unchecked and unpunished. The degree and nature of the punishment is not worth arguing about. There is a legitimate difference of opinion as to the taking of life, the duration of imprisonment, and other details of punishment. But these do not all concern the keystone of the system, which is that crimes like murder and stealing cannot be allowed to go on because they would lead to the individual taking the law into his own hands. If a man lost his wife or his friend and had no redress in a court of law, his only recourse would be to perform a violent act of justice on his own account. It is unnecessary to paint the ill consequences of that, because the whole machinery connected with law provides for the fair trial of any delinquent and the safe-guarding of the innocent from having to suffer instead of the guilty. The question is whether there could not be incorporated in the law some enactment that would restrain any combination of workmen, or other people, from taking action gravely injurious to the community. It need not be argued that in existing law they have no power to do so, since that power has already been ruthlessly exercised, and the threat of direct action is enforcing every new demand. A great combination of Trades Unions could, if they willed it, bring the entire industry of the country to a standstill, including the production and distribution of food and clothing. Such an occurrence cannot be dismissed as impossible. We do not believe that the ranks of labouring men would deliberately enter upon such proceedings if they saw the results bound to follow. It unfortunately happens, however, that in order to gain ends that have in many cases been proved legitimate they have placed themselves under the leadership of persons who cannot always be counted upon to consider whether their duties as citizens conflict with their action on behalf of Trades Unions.

Labour is not for the moment in a discontented or unreasonable mood, but no one can foretell what is going to happen. Revolution is in the air, and the fiery spirits who lead it are particularly anxious that this country should be involved, for the very simple reason that it always has proved the most difficult to win over. Very great friction may come if it should be necessary to reduce the current rates of wages. The fairest system undoubtedly is that of a sliding scale, but the difficulty is that workmen are always keen on getting advantage of the upward movement and reluctant to obey when the downward one calls. That, in all likelihood, will be the origin of many labour disputes in the immediate future. Statesmen should recognise it while yet there is time. There is no need to call on them to advise just and reasonable methods, because Labour is now strong enough to see that this is done. It is no longer Capital that will dictate, and so, in the manner of this country, a just and equitable compromise should be sought so that certain questions would raise themselves automatically according to the rise or fall in the prices of commodities. But in any event it would be well to have a court empowered to settle every dispute as it arose.

Our Frontispiece

WE give on the first page of this week's issue a portrait of the King of Spain, who has been playing polo at Roehampton during his visit to England.

. Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.

COUNTRY NOTES



THERE surely can be no nobler war memorial than that which has been planned by Mr. Howard Hollingsworth. It was disclosed at the Speech Day of the Schools of the Warehousemen, Clerks and Drapers. It had been announced that the management intended to acquire the house and adjoining grounds of Ballard in Surrey for the purpose of providing an extension of the School. After the resolution had been passed a sealed letter from Mr. Hollingsworth was opened and read. It contained an offer to buy the property and present it to the trustees as a free gift, in memory of those members of the drapery trade who left their peaceful occupations and gave their lives for their country during the Great War. Mr. Hollingsworth further explained that in his opinion the best memorial was "a good education for those children who have been left by the men who made the great sacrifice" and to ensure a fair start in life for the children they had left behind. It was a great thought that had entered into the mind of a man who, fortunately, was able to carry it out with princely generosity, thereby earning the gratitude of generations of present and future scholars. The trustees, needless to say, accepted the gift with gratitude and a recognition of their responsibility to carry out the memorial in a worthy manner. After the property is handed over funds will be required for its administration and maintenance; but, as the trustees appear to have been ready to purchase the property themselves, they ought to experience no difficulty in running it on educational lines.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* supports the suggestion put forward in our last week's issue that Kenwood offers a suitable site for the new University buildings. He says there is a considerable body of opinion desirous of investigating the possibilities of placing the new University on those Northern Heights. The distance offers no important obstacle, considering our means of travel, and it certainly would be more economical to utilise a portion of Lord Mansfield's property than the site which the Government has offered to provide in Bloomsbury. The correspondent in question says that an elaborate valuation has been made of the latter property and that out of ten or eleven acres nearly three acres are public thoroughfares. A great deal of expense would be incurred in diverting these roads and it could hardly be done at all without making congestion elsewhere. On the whole, there seems to be a very good case for enquiring into the suitability of Kenwood for the purpose. It would certainly be healthier for the students to live in that pure air than in the centre of London.

FOR the first time this year we heard the click of a reaping machine on Monday morning. The noise came from

an oatfield in Hertfordshire, but it was not the earliest. Harvest was begun in Kent last week, and from several other parts of the country we hear that oats have either been cut or are ready for cutting. Everywhere, too, they seem to be an excellent crop, at least twenty-five per cent. above the average. Before these words are read in print harvest will be pretty general in the South of England and gradually making its way northward. So far it promises to be a good one. The crops are not laid to the extent that was at one time feared. On a considerable railway journey last Saturday through a good corn country we only noticed here and there a field that had more than an ordinarily heavy crop laid with the winds and the heavy thunderstorms experienced. It was surprising that such a large proportion of the corn was standing upright. What farmers want now is sunny weather. St. Swithin, it is true, was not quite favourable as few places escaped a shower on July 15th, but if there be only showers the corn will come in all right. The harvest is going to be early, and, therefore, the chances of its being got in are better than they would be if it had been, say, three weeks later.

SINN FEIN is going the wrong way to work if it imagines that the people of this country are to be coerced by such cowardly murders as that committed on Saturday, when a distinguished officer was shot in his club by a number of ruffians. The effect of such crimes in the past has always been the opposite to what the assassins reckoned upon. It has never failed to stiffen the attitude of Great Britain towards Irish rebellion. We notice that some of the papers are busy trying to show that Colonel Smyth brought, as it were, a judgment on himself by a speech which he is said to have delivered to a number of constables. But it would be entirely wrong to debate this matter at present. Colonel Smyth denied that he had said the things attributed to him. But, if he had done so, no country can afford to allow vengeance to be taken by an individual. The principle of fair trial holds everywhere. Unless this were so, mere anarchy would prevail and no public man could go about in security. Even those of our countrymen who sympathise with the Irish people will, we are sure, express their abhorrence of this method of advancing the movement.

THE MAKING OF A SAINT.

I dreamed of a flower-strewn way, my Sweet,
With light and love I would fill your years,
Yet you tread rough places with bleeding feet.
(Mine are the blinding tears.)

Garments woven of silken thread,
Soft and fine to a rose-white skin,
I made for your wearing. Life gave instead
Sackcloth to wrap you in.

I would kiss the grief from your eyes to-night,
I would kiss your hair where the soft waves part.
But . . . there glimmers the halo light.
(Mine is the broken heart.)

ISABEL BUTCHART.

TWO nay-says make a yea-say, according to the adage, and probably the protestations of Mr. Bonar Law in regard to the impossibility of altering the date at which railway rates are to be put up may yield to further consideration. The month of August is the most inconvenient in the year for raising railway fares. It is pre-eminently the holiday month, and, as there was a scare in the early part of this year about the difficulty of finding seaside accommodation, lodgings have on an enormous scale been taken in advance. Where these holiday resorts are situated far from town the increased railway fare will be a serious consideration. Many people are in the position of having to save the money for their holidays, and when the time comes usually have no more than is required. Great will be their disappointment if an embargo is put on their journey by reason of an increase in the cost of railway tickets. It is a very serious increase, too. People in this country have been accustomed for several generations to what used to be called the Parliamentary train, that is, a train

for which the charge was a penny a mile for third-class passengers. The railway companies were originally bound to run a certain number of Parliamentary trains. Until the exigencies of war caused fares to be raised one could calculate the distance of one town from another by the number of pennies that the ticket cost. Apparently that arrangement has become a thing of the past and at present no prospect of its return can be seen. It proved in working a very admirable arrangement, however, and we trust that the railway policy of the future will aim at a return to the cheap travelling which was so great a benefit.

LORD DESBOROUGH in his crusade in favour of fixing the date of Easter has an easier task than that which faced the theologians of Bede's time. The Christian Church in the early centuries was nearly rent in twain by a controversy that arose as to the proper method of reckoning the occurrence of Easter Day. As far as Northumbria was concerned the Quartodeciman controversy was settled at the Council of Streaneshalch, or Whitby, in 654 and an agreement in regard to the rest of England was arrived at in 669. The Gregorian reformation of the calendar was not adopted in Great Britain and Ireland till 1752. Lord Desborough's plea is not concerned with questions of doctrine, but of public convenience. Easter as a movable feast leads to many awkward situations. In schools it used to make the terms vary in length to a very great degree. Many of them found their own way out of the difficulty, and during the present year a large number, perhaps the majority, of secondary schools did not end the first term at Easter but at a period of time that made the session equal in length with the other sessions of the year. In business and even in regard to holidays the same trouble has been felt. Easter has long been regarded as the greatest Christian feast, and it is not only movable of itself but causes a movability in Whitsuntide, and other holidays. Obviously, if modern requirements demand that terms should be fairly equal in length and the custom arises of ignoring Easter and Whitsuntide, the result cannot be for the good of these Christian feasts. The best arrangement would be to fix an Easter that synchronised with the convenient moment for ending school, law and other terms. The religious question has nothing to do with the matter and need not be raised at all.

AN anonymous letter-writer in the *Times* pleads zealously, but, as we imagine, without much practical knowledge, for the formation of large industrial farms. A man who really knew much about farming would not talk of three hundred acres as corresponding to a small weaving factory containing only a few hand looms. He, the correspondent, would probably be surprised to learn that the hundred acre farm is the English type. There are more one hundred acre farms than any other, and, on the whole, the tenants or owners of them flourish best. He refers to twenty thousand acre farms as the embodiment of what he thinks would prove an economical holding. But surely that requires to be proved. This outcry for large industrial farms began with two thousand acres and now it has run up to twenty thousand. There are such farms in the country, but, as a rule, they have grown up during a lifetime and sometimes in more than a lifetime. It would be a rash experiment to begin the cultivation of twenty-thousand acres with a staff that would be necessarily got together more or less haphazard. Interest and value would be attached to an experiment on a smaller scale, say, anything from two thousand to four thousand acres. That surely would give scope enough for mass production and we should see how it worked out in regard to the labour bill.

THE last mentioned is the item that gives some advantage to the man of one hundred acres. If he should have a sturdy son or two and daughters as well, he would be practically independent of hired labour. The big wages and the profits would all come into the family. It is much better, too, that if the quantity of stuff produced is to be increased this should be done largely by the adoption of more intensive methods. The little man succeeds by getting two crops a year where his neighbour is content with one; and possibly each of the two crops is better than

the single one. The main point is that he should have no hesitation about growing anything that consumers need. The other day we heard a large farmer pass the scathing remark on a smaller man: "He makes as good an income out of his hundred acres as I do out of a thousand, but then he works it like a market garden." He looked wild at the question: "Then, why don't you work your land like a market garden?"

THE Ministry of Agriculture has issued a little paper about the Lapwing which will meet with the approval of all who know the habits of this bird. It does not damage the crops and is exceedingly useful to the farmer owing to its consumption of snails, slugs, wireworms, beetles and the larvæ of insects. The protection asked for it is a bare minimum. It is permissible for a landowner to take plovers' eggs up to April 15th, and the killing or capturing of the bird is prohibited between March 1st and August 1st. But why should it be killed at all? The lapwing does not make the best of eating, and is a small table bird. Many people absolutely refuse to eat it. No harm would be done by forbidding the destruction of lapwings at all times and in any circumstances. For some time past ornithologists have noted with regret that the size of the flocks continues to diminish. Not so many years ago great numbers of them could be seen on land adjacent to London. Now only a few of them are noticeable at nesting time. This may be due to the assiduity with which their eggs are collected, but we are not sure of that being the real cause, as the lapwing is less numerous to-day in its wildest haunt than it was, say, fifteen or twenty years ago.

THE SALTBUCH YEARS.

No doubt we come of the ruling breed
And are true to an ancient name,
But we've wandered far from our fathers' creed
And the cradles whence we came.
We have ridden the tracks that the lonely ride
Through the camps of the pioneers,
We have given our pride to the Far-and-Wide
And our youth to the saltbush years.

We walk the streets with an awkward gait
As a man may walk in spurs;
As London's lovers we come too late
Though our hearts were always hers.
No part have we with the careless crowd,
No wish for our one-time peers;
Where the wheels are loud our heads are bowed
With the weight of the saltbush years.

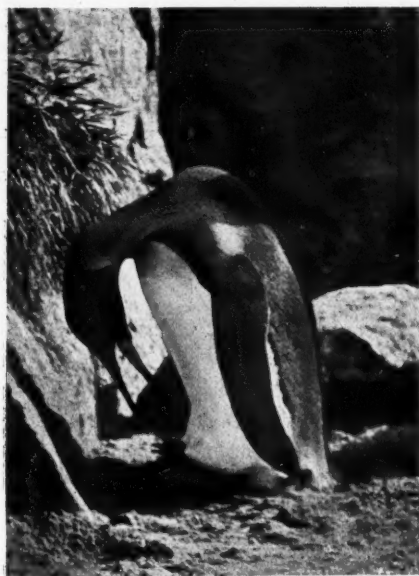
WILL H. OGILVIE.

THE majority of the beneficiaries in the new Civil List Pensions receive their pensions on account of services rendered by their husbands, brothers or other relatives. Those to whom a tribute is paid for their own achievements are: Mme. Albani, in recognition of her distinction as an artiste—"artiste" is not a very good word to use in a formal document; Professor Lewis Jones gets £100 in recognition of his services to Welsh education and literature: he has been a hard worker and not very highly paid, so that no one will grudge his reward; Mr. Sturge Moore gets £75 in recognition of his distinction as a poet and artist: he has avoided the easy and popular, and the pension is worthily bestowed; Sir William Watson gets an addition of £100 to the £100 he had before. These are the direct awards for merit. The others are given respectively for the scholarship of a husband, a brother's distinction as an artist, a husband's distinction as an architect, a husband's distinction as a wood engraver, a husband's public service in the Geological Survey, a brother's work in the work of meteorology and oceanography, a husband's work as an author, a husband's services to bibliography and literature, a husband's services to biometrical science, a husband's services to Assyrian and Babylonian study, a husband's services to education and the study of international law, and a husband's work in the public service. Few will find any cause to grumble in these, but the fastidious will grieve to see the fine word "distinction" used so indiscriminately.

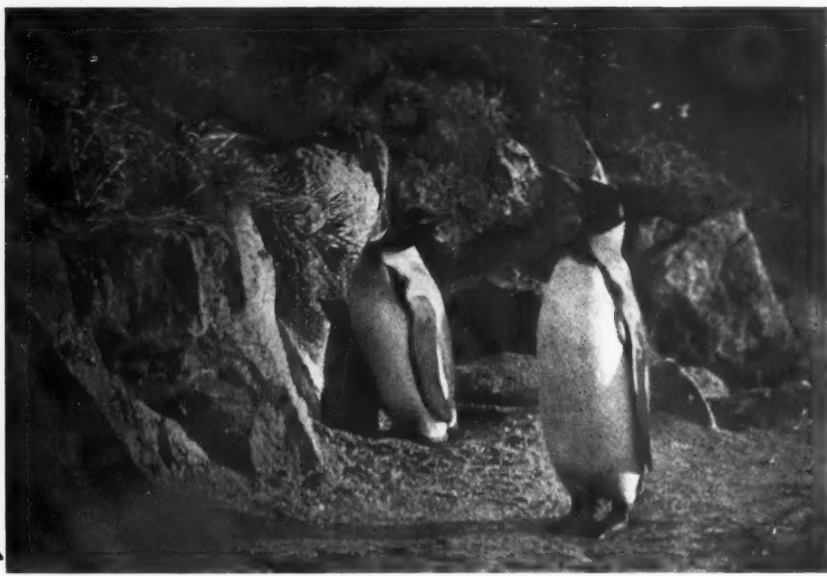
THE CHILDHOOD OF A PENGUIN

By T. H. GILLESPIE.

Illustrated from Photographs by Miss Dorothy A. L. Mackenzie.



ONE DAY OLD. 25:10:19.



FATHER IS NOT ALLOWED TO INTERFERE. 10:11:19.

The moralist deprecates the animal in man; the philosopher laughs at the human in the animal.

HAD Pascal enjoyed the privilege of intimacy with a king penguin he would doubtless have recast his epigram; he would have met a bird which almost hourly seems to parody the behaviour of humanity in such quaint fashion as to compel laughter not merely from philosophic tolerance, but even from the most depressed and sombre-minded moralist—particularly when the king penguin is a baby one, like the unique and self-important-looking subject of this article.

When our baby made his first appearance in this world he showed nothing of the human and but little, indeed, of the penguin; he was a small, naked scrap not unlike a badly deflated and very dirty rubber ball, and he came within the narrowest chance of never being anything more. There had been some

domestic disturbance in his family that morning; his father, who had the honour (unmerited doubtless) of hatching him, had permitted himself to become interested in a lady penguin (not his wife) and greatly resented her removal from the enclosure—a precaution taken lest the craving for family responsibilities, characteristic of the race, might have caused a fight for possession of the baby. The father shuffled restlessly about the enclosure looking for the missing "third" whom he could hear calling, and as it is exceedingly difficult to shuffle restlessly and at the same time carry a baby on your foot, it happened that the baby several times fell off and was left behind. The mother, following her wandering spouse, either to persuade him to listen to the call of duty or to purloin the chick from him, was too excited to notice that the precious product of eight weeks' incubation had fallen to the ground, and helped to trample it into the sand. Three times the baby



BABY SETS OFF FOR A WALK. 26:11:19.



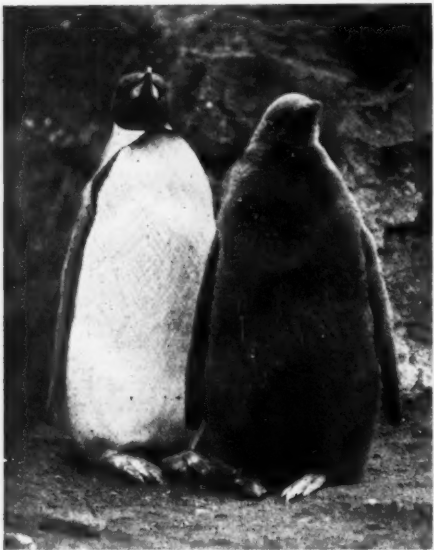
FOLLOW MY LEADER.

was saved by a kind of divine intervention (for to a penguin the keeper must appear as a dweller in Olympus), brushed free of sand, and placed in front of its father, who at once took possession of it, only to repeat the offence and the accident. On the third occasion it fell into a crevice of the rock and, but that a visitor had noticed it falling, it would probably have found there an undiscovered grave.

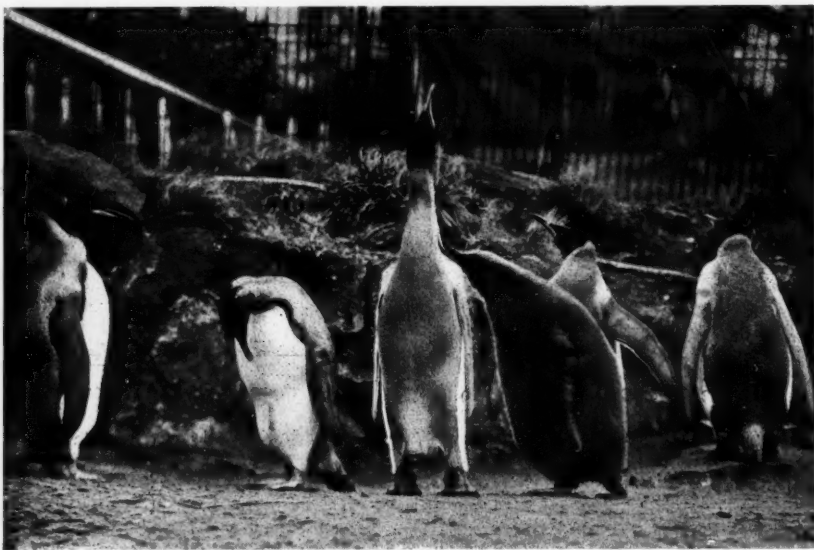
After a forenoon of this kind of thing the mother obtained possession of it and from that time onwards never allowed the father to have it—scarcely even to look at it, except from what she considered a safe distance. The baby being now safely tucked in on its mother's feet was seen no more that day, and the next question was the important one, "Will they feed it?" The doubt was settled satisfactorily next day, when the baby was seen taking food from the mother's throat. When it was hungry it stretched its head out from beneath the maternal feathers and called with a clear flute-like call, whereupon the

Every day showed an increase in the youngster's size and strength. During this time the father showed the greatest interest in the baby and made many pathetic attempts to induce his wife to let him have it. What expressions of regret and promises for the future he made one could guess from his very eloquent gestures; but the memory of that worrying forenoon was too fresh in her memory, and the emphasis of her refusal was as obvious as his pleading. He tried to persuade her to accept offerings of disgorged fish to feed the youth with, but she refused even that and let it fall on the sand, whereupon he showed his common-sense by picking up the largest pieces and swallowing them again himself—the only occasion on which, so far as the writer knows, any of the king penguins has taken food from the ground.

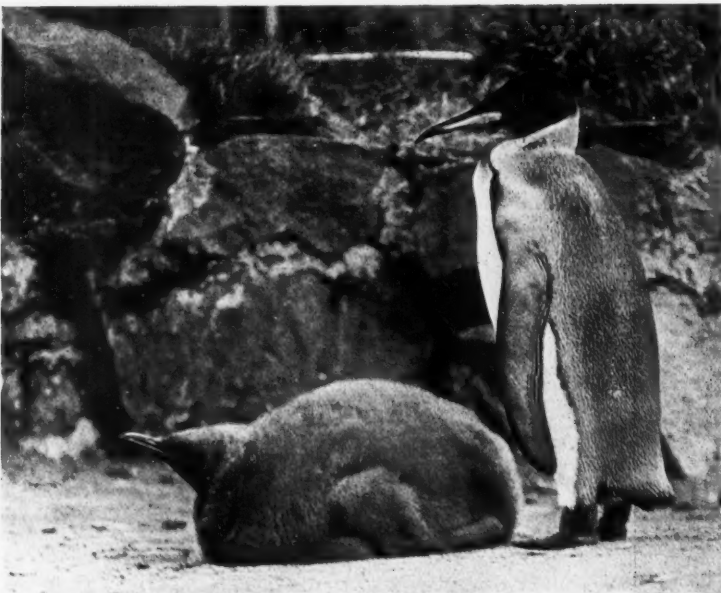
For over a week the chick seemed absolutely naked, but the growth of the first coat of nestling feathers began to show when it was about ten days old. By this time it had grown



ALMOST TRIANGULAR. 4:1:20.



MOTHER TRIES TO SING, BUT BABY OBJECTS.



WHAT IS THE USE OF A MOTHER IF SHE CANNOT KEEP YOU WARM?

mother bent over and took the baby's head in her beak so that it might swallow the three-quarters-digested fish she disgorged (she had fasted for two days, apparently in order that she might have food of the proper consistency ready). The feeding seemed to take place at about the same times each day, especially about mid-day and in the evening. The baby increased rapidly in size and strength, and its musical, but very insistent, food call was heard more frequently and more loudly as the days passed; it could be heard at night, when all was quiet, nearly a quarter of a mile away. The feeding was not a hasty affair; when the baby had called his mother's attention to the fact that he was hungry, and she was ready to feed him, he took it a little bit at a time, pausing a little after each mouthful and intimating his willingness to have another by a little double note which sounded remarkably like the word "Ready"; on the third morning, for example, his breakfast was taken in nineteen instalments.



BABY WITH A FRIEND.

15:2:20.

so much that the poor mother could not cover more than half of it with the fold of skin and feathers with which she protects egg and young, and so, while the head was comfortably tucked away, a daily increasing proportion of body had to be left out to the winds of heaven—and also to the rains, which were a more serious discomfort, though the baby seemed to suffer nothing from a wetting. At a fortnight old the baby had begun to realise that life held something more than half-digested fish and the feet and feathers of one's mother; there was, for example, one's personal appearance to be considered, and so it happened that the baby was seen at that age, though he had only a few short filaments of down on his legs and tail, trying to preen and dress the feathers which he evidently thought he ought to have had. After this he stood up and stretched his flippers after the manner of his elders and had a look all round.

One day in the third week of his life he undertook a great adventure and boldly stepped off his mother's feet, turned round



POLITE INVESTIGATION.



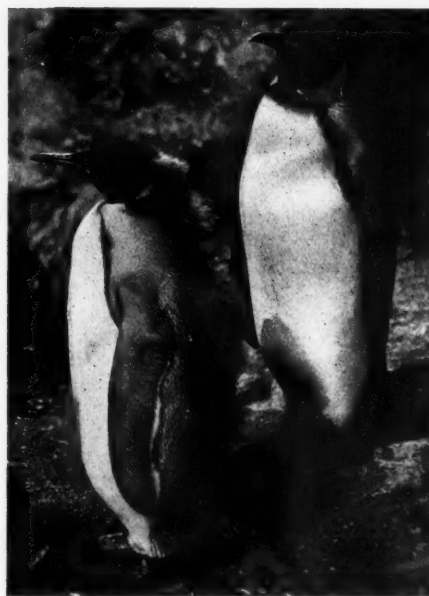
CONSIDERING ONE'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.



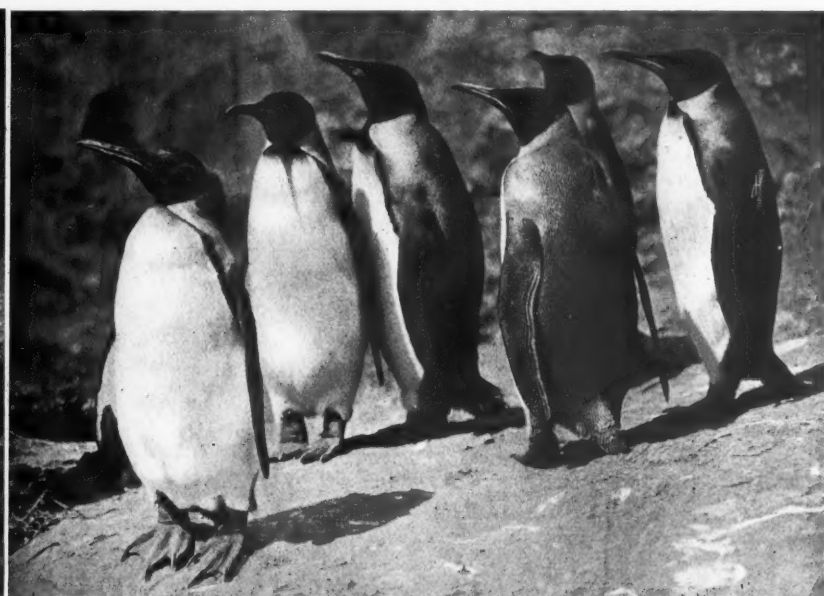
FATHER AND BABY ARE MOULTING TOGETHER. 14:5:20.



VERY UNTIDY. 16:5:20.



PADDLING. 19:5:20.



WITH A PATCH LEFT AT THE NECK LIKE LONG HAIR. 20:5:20.

to face her and examined her with much interest. When you find you can do things like that it is a great stimulus to further effort, especially when numerous square yards of rock and sand stretching in front of you suggest limitless possibilities in the conquest of new worlds; so, in a day or two, the baby decided to explore a little on his own account and walked off, followed by an anxious and harassed mother. This led to a rather unpleasant episode: the father, who, though anxious to assist in the care of the baby, had been constantly repulsed and had offered contributions from his yesterday's dinner only to have them thrown back in his beak, as it were, found the milk of his paternal kindness turning a little sour; and when the baby, to whom all adult penguins apparently seemed very much alike, mistook his father for his mother, he was received not with the joy of a long cherished desire attained, but with a savage pecking. Lest a worse thing befall, the father was promptly removed to another place, and mother and child left in exclusive possession of the enclosure, the pool being emptied in case the baby might fall in and be drowned.

The baby's nestling feathers were now growing rapidly, and by the time of his father's banishment he had a thick brown coat looking more like fur than feathers. It was well for him, for he had now grown so large that the mother could not cover more than his head. One or two days of heavy rain at this time caused him some discomfort, and his mother made a touching attempt to solve the problem of protection by lying down on top of him. More frequently her efforts were as ludicrous as pathetic, for she would try to push him further in, so that what the tail gained in front of her the head lost behind. The baby now began to develop another accomplishment: in addition to his loud call for food he had a pretty soft warbling note in which he seemed to find great pleasure, and as he grew older he would sit singing to himself like a happy little child at play. When he was about six weeks old he was weighed for the first time and made 9½ lb., while his height when standing erect was about 20 ins.

It was noticed that as the chick grew the condition of the food which the mother disgorged for it changed; at first almost liquid and in small quantities, it increased rapidly in quantity and was returned in large lumps of fish. By the time the baby was eight weeks old the strain of the work she had been doing began to tell upon the mother; she lost appetite, and the baby made it clear that he was not getting so much as he thought he ought to have. Accordingly the experiment of giving him a fish allowance of his own was tried and was a complete success; he was given three herrings in the morning, which he swallowed with ease, and three more in the afternoon. As he was none the worse next day, his allowance was increased to fourteen herrings, and very soon he could take his twenty a day. At the same time, as the baby seemed more or less independent of his mother and she was inclined to mope, the father and the other adult penguins were brought back to the enclosure; the baby saw them as they came down the path and came across the enclosure to meet his father as the latter reached the gate. It appeared very touching, but it was not filial affection—it was merely the baby's very keen interest in anything new. Birds flying overhead he would watch with his head on one side, and an object less unreachable, such as a camera, he would investigate with his beak. He had learnt to

trumpet like his elders, though in a shriller tone, but retained his charming little song. When handled by a human he would at one moment strike with his flippers, trumpeting shrilly, and, the next, cuddle up to one and sing softly.

The beginning of the independent feeding was an important date in his life; it marked the transition from "babyhood" to "childhood," and he grew more rapidly after. He was weighed once a week and increased by 2 lb. to 3 lb., on an average, weekly. At seventeen weeks his weight was 23 lb., while his mother weighed at the same time 25 lb. and his father 28 lb. He might therefore be considered at that time practically full grown, but he looked much more than that; the nestling feathers were now more than 2½ ins. in length, rich brown in colour and fur-like, and gave him a very imposing appearance and a magnitude which, in relation to the slim-looking adults, could only be described as huge. He continued to increase slightly till by the end of March he had attained his mother's weight of 25 lb.

For some time after the adults were returned to the enclosure the baby's mother kept by him and never entered the water when the others did so. As the spring advanced, however, she began to leave him more and attach herself to the others. When, for the first time, all the adults entered the water together and left the baby alone, he presented a delightful picture of bewilderment. He looked at the water, but they had dived and were not to be seen there; he looked at the sky and all round, and was very much worried till they re-appeared and came ashore. In time he became accustomed to these temporary disappearances beneath the strange-looking part of his world, which was so unlike the familiar rock and sand that he dared not venture on it. The time when he would dare it was approaching, however. During April the appearance of some adult feathers on his legs and a loss of richness in the brown of his coat showed that his first moult was drawing near. He did not await the moult, as he no doubt ought to have done, before venturing into the water; one day in the middle of April he was seen with wet feet and legs, and a day or two later all his breast feathers were drenched. He seemed to have begun very carefully by walking into the shallow end of the pool and gradually taken the risk of lying down in it. In another week he was seen swimming with the others, but he kept on the surface with his head dry and made no attempt to swim under water.

On April 29th his new tail feathers had appeared, and by May 11th the nestling feathers were beginning to be shed abundantly. This was the beginning of the end of the "brown baby." His father started to moult about the same time, and so the baby had someone to share his troubles during this distressful period. His appearance was comical as the loose, thick brown plumage receded from his feet upwards, exposing the tightly clinging adult feathers beneath; the climax in the ridiculous was reached when he had shed all but a patch on the back of his head, which looked like long hair, and a patch on the shoulders resembling a fur cape. He still, at times, remembered his little song, but it was less frequently heard after the moult began. On May 23rd the moult was complete. He can still be distinguished from the others because he shows less yellow than they on the ear patches and throat and his beak lacks the coloured sheaths on the lower mandibles, but in every other respect his "childhood" is over.

EAST ANGLIA: A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

I.—THE COAST

BY WILFRID EWART.

IF there is one characteristic of England that distinguishes it from other countries and other countrysides—the more remarkable in view of the smallness of our island—it is a marked distinctive individuality in each of its component parts. They are in very truth component parts: not like Russia with its vast *steppes*, its vast plains; not like France with its monotonous, compartmented puny meadows, its poplar groves, its close-planted orchards; not like Germany with its broad tracts of sandy pineland; or Austria and the Balkan countries with their endless fields of millet, barley and rye; or Belgium with its billiard-table expanses of flat, featureless holdings and its insultingly ugly houses. England is a mosaic of different shapes, sizes and tints, each county quite different from the other, as Westmorland from Dorset, Shropshire from Essex, and Lancashire from Derbyshire. In rural England, above all, you get "atmosphere."

And as a railway train on one grey, lingering afternoon of this winter past drew out of the old by-water town of King's Lynn along a branch track, it was to an atmosphere typical of East Anglia that it conveyed the traveller. This seaboard is little known, in winter, at any rate, except to stray wayfarers. And it is one which demands to be approached by afternoon light under a winter sky. Always about the Eastern Counties, even far inland, an atmosphere of "Saxonism," of pre-civilisation, of deadness or stagnancy, of melancholy almost—something

hard to explain—seems to cling. One thinks of the remote meres amid fir-belts and clusters of pine and plains of ashen grass about Euston, Brandon and Thetford which seem to brood unalterably and to contemplate; one thinks of the old derelict churchyards half-buried under nettle, field-parsley and a riot of weeds that are here and there found; or, again, of the trim, neat churchyards in far-away places secluded from the world of life by solemn cypresses and sentinel yews.

This queer coast-line in the greying afternoon was of a piece with these. It was not the marshes yet; they were much further on. It was not the sea; that remained evasively out of sight. Sometimes; indeed, as around Sandringham, the country became merely English—except, in that particular spot, for the rhododendron-massed woodlands. Here were acres of ploughed land and brown, naked hedgerows, and black, naked copses and spinneys. But as you passed further on the true coast-line came—a pale, whitish-grey, marram-grown stretch of sandy shore, and against a glimpse here and there of greyish-green sea a long line of derelict bathing-huts and summer bungalows looking curiously out of season. It was melancholy, profoundly East Anglian, desolate. . . . The train puffed on, and now there came to view the true coast border—a flat grassy expanse, two miles wide perhaps, thinly intersected by wooden fences and by dykes of perplexing origin, on the seaward side bordered by an interminable, unbreaking, unchanging belt of

pinces and firs. Landward were woods and fields which seemed merely to refract the cold, heavy, clayey soil to the cold, heavy, winter sky.

And the very names of the towns and villages express—do they not?—the character of this bleakish corner of England. Heacham, Hunstanton, Blakeney, Docking: who could dwell in such places—and live?

The penultimate wayside station expressed no town or village. It expressed a naked wooden platform and a surrounding expanse of marsh-grass extending to the inevitable pine-fringed sand-dunes by the seashore. You felt—you *knew*—the sea was beyond the pines—a kind of vague opaqueness in the sky, perhaps—without, indeed, knowing. But, hark! while the train stops. A cackling, grating, solemn murmuring beside the railway line, opposite the station? Good gracious! Not wild geese surely! These are yellow birds herding together in small parties; their khaki colour, light build and forehead protuberance suggest that they may be Egyptians. But what of those other great flocks two or three hundred yards away—grey and white, murmuring, too, and grazing? Of the puffing train when it starts they take no heed; they appear entirely complacent and even tame, for, though they are so short a distance off, only the sentinels look up with extended necks. . . . A first surprising glimpse of the wild geese.

Then, through the curve of a cutting, the train wound round to its dead-end: to the seaport town that once had lived, and now, in all human probability, would never live again. The line travelled no further: a dead end: life finished here. And grey and old and bleak and black and red and marooned there on the flat, forgotten coast it looked as the golden, knife-like sunbeams of the waning evening struck its roofs, its flagstaff, its sparse elm trees and its grey, flinty church tower. Linger on there through the slow winter . . . forgotten!

And the streets that were few, narrow, uneven, up and down hill, did not belie this impressionist character. There were numerous paths between the houses and queer wells in cobbled courtyards among old cottages, and unexpected *culs-de-sac*. There was one long main street bisected by a lesser street and running roughly from the church gate to the quay; and that, you may say, was all. Except the Square. Except the shut-in Square, surrounded by fair-sized, dignified, grey and dull red Georgian houses with gates and gardens, inhabited by doctors, solicitors, maiden ladies, and the local owners of malt-ings. Thereonto the windows of the principal inn looked. And didn't it convey a queer mind-picture under those last gleaming, golden shafts of wintry light: the old shut-in Square, the green grass space of its centre, and in the midst thereof a round pavilioned bandstand rotting to decay. A bandstand! What office could it perform there, what had it ever done, or what right could it ever have had to be there? And could there possibly be associated with it, or the place at all, even one spasm of gaiety, however long ago, however utterly buried and laid to rest?

These were the queries that the mind prompted; but they were not all. The "life" of the place began here, now in this waning, slowly frosting afternoon. Two goalposts set up on the green, and a mob of children just released from school sporting with a football. Is there anything quite so

symbolical of the English winter as the English country child in winter—just released from school? You have it in Turner's "Frosty Morning"—the whole atmosphere of the season and the countryside and the moment in that queer, smug, done-up figure on the frost-bound lane which simply expresses, and mutely, blue and pink and shivering, the early morning cold. And here in late afternoon—the same child. Shouts of the boys kicking their ball cut the evening air. One or two dark blanket-coated figures of women pass, singly or in couples, across the green on this household errand or that. A man wheels a barrow of dead leaves, sets it down and slaps himself for warmth. The plane trees shiver. . . . And then



W. J. Clutterbuck.

NEAR BLAKENEY: ON THE MARSH.

Copyright.

comes that Turner child, done up in brown, with its red shawl, its blue and pink suggestion of a face, its air of so entirely belonging to the place—and no other place ever—carrying a milk-can!

As night closed in, there occurred no jar in the harmony of its outer aspect: a perfect winter bleakness. A dead, forgotten East Anglian backwater town on the North Sea's verge. To-morrow would reveal its secrets—if any. But for the present there were commercial travellers; and there were fowlers. There were in the purlieus of that inn two or three of those slick, sleek, peculiar men who carry commercialised twentieth century England on

their persons, and their souls (if they have any) in black leather handbags. Over preposterous meals they made friends with the fowlers. For the fowlers were not those blue-eyed, fair-haired, fair-skinned natives whose acquaintance we shall make—in blue jerseys and oilskins—upon the marsh, upon the old quay and by the seashore. No; they were a loud, blustering, exotic race of fowlers recruited from among tradesmen in the prosperous seaside "resorts." Confound the seaside "resorts"! In company with their deplorable wives and their innumerable children, in consort with the commercial travellers and the baser spirits of the little town, they proceeded to create a disastrous nocturne compounded of whiskey and billiards and tall stories and bad jokes. They were the sort of men you would like to drown in a butt of beer-leavings. . . .

But beyond this ribald ferment—so inseparable from modern country life—you had an inward consciousness of far-stretching marsh, mere, mud-flat and open sea. You thought of the grey geese and the yellow geese out there on the fresh marsh. All was hidden, but the morrow would reveal all. That is the charm of an exploration. The streets of the little town were very dark. One or two flickering oil lamps and a big flare outside—a cinema! Well—that was indispensable; that had to be. You went on and came to utter darkness beside lapping water. How the wind moaned, how it sighed like a voice crying in the wilderness! Other cries came out of the dark—those of redshank, those of golden plover—quiet, murmurous cries, wild, clamorous cries at intervals. . . . It became evident that the salt marsh was at hand.

RESTORATION at CORPUS, CAMBRIDGE

BY SIR GEOFFREY BUTLER.

THE buildings of our ancient universities ought to be held in trust by their present owners for the public. Their destruction or defacement would involve injury to traditions not merely local but national, and even international. They form at Oxford or Cambridge, at Dublin or St. Andrews, a teaching museum, as it were, for those who would understand our history. From this point of view, few "specimens" in this historical display outrank in interest the Old Court of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. It provides a perfect and a well preserved example of the primitive collegiate building, the kind erected when our predecessors of the fourteenth century were faced with the very modern problem of introducing among the students who thronged in swollen numbers to the recently founded universities some organisation for residence and supervision.

The Court at Corpus is an erection of the simplest kind. Four sides, containing chambers, a dining hall, kitchen, room for the master's lodging, and the library, enclosed a space, irregular because of the contracted nature of the site, in the form of a *trapezium*, of which the west and south sides are at right angles to each other and measure 86ft. and 118ft. respectively (leaving the other sides at 74ft. and 110ft.).

It presents the first type of the Collegiate building, one without a chapel, in place of which the neighbouring church of St. Bene't, with the Saxon tower, was used. This is the tower to be seen in the background in Figs. 2 and 3.

John Jocelyn, Fellow of Queens' College and Latin Secretary to Archbishop Parker, wrote at the end of the sixteenth century an architectural and other history of the College, which in default of earlier records, destroyed in the riot of the townsfolk in 1381, provides our only written authority for the way in which the structure was built up. According to this account the Court was finished during the tenure of office by the first master, Thomas de Eltisle, say by 1377. One is bound to admit, however, that no window is apparent at the present day which can be with certainty placed before the fifteenth century.

In the main, the Court retains all its features unimpaired. Other buildings have been added to the Old Court, slight additional features in the shape of buttresses and windows have been introduced, but neither in the restorations of 1515, nor of 1615, nor of 1686, nor those of the eighteenth century, has the profane hand been laid upon the Court in which Kit Marlowe wrote his *Tamburlane* and Robinson forecast the sailing of the *Pilgrim Fathers*.

Enough has been said to indicate that those responsible for any modern restoration of the Old Court must feel themselves accountable alike before the bar of the general public as before that of several generations of their predecessors. The present restoration was forced upon the governing body. Some ninety years ago ivy was planted by the walls. It grew and spread all over them until recent generations had come to associate the building with a picturesque, if tangled, mass of creeper. (See Fig. 3.) The creeper did more than conceal the architecture, it destroyed the fabric. Gnarled and knotted stems, the thickness sometimes of a man's fist, tore off the plaster and worked their way deep into the rubble walls behind. It is an almost certain fact that, if allowed to remain, the ivy would in time have brought the building down. In the year before the war the governing body of the College voted for its removal. A shocking state of ravaged masonry was then disclosed.



SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF THE COURT AFTER RESTORATION.

On getting down the ivy the first task essayed was a general inspection followed by the act of making good. Floor beams were tested and strengthened, holes in the masonry stopped up, buttresses filled up with concrete. As regards constructive accomplishments, two points may well be noticed. By the removal of the broad and ugly rain gutters, and the replacement of the ancient eaves, a return was made to the appearance of the Court before the eighteenth century. Moreover, four windows and the ancient sundial socket on the wall were opened up. They have been reglazed and fitted with a fresh face respectively. Both the old appearance of the Court is recaptured and the general impression remarkably improved. The only other necessary structural alteration which presented features of uncertainty was the treatment of the windows. At a first glance it hardly seems as if any two windows present a common feature. It was decided in no way to interfere with this irregularity. Thus the large sash windows dating from the eighteenth century were left, and in one bay upon the north side of the quadrangle, of which the advanced progress of decay had involved the almost total reconstruction, a new window, with the refined moulding which Cambridge has learned to expect of Mr. T. H. Lyon, has been boldly and successfully inserted (see Fig. 2). The same applies to the arch in the north-west corner of the Court (see Fig. 2).

A few ingenious details, alike in the decoration of the fabric as in the slightly formal note that now appears in the gardening, introduce into what otherwise might seem chaotic the proper element of composition.

In no direction is this more conspicuous than in the corner by the old master's lodge (compare Figs. 1 and 4), where the black, white and orange paint upon the Jacobean window, caught up by patches of the same in the heraldic device (which ties the window to a similarly decorated door), together with the flanking bay tree and the lead and wooden pump case, have turned a dark and uninteresting corner into a piece of architecture. It is interesting also to observe that the new sundial face (Fig. 5) designed by the architect and Mr. G. P. Thomson, Fellow of the College, is probably the first in England to indicate alike winter and summer time. Finally, a new feature is provided (see Fig. 3) by the panel, surmounted by



NORTHERN SIDE OF COURT AFTER RESTORATION.

Showing sundial and the monument to Marlowe and Fletcher. The ground floor window on the extreme left of the picture (west side of court) marks the room in which Marlowe is said to have written "Tamburlane."



THE NORTHERN SIDE OF THE COURT BEFORE RESTORATION.

Showing St. Bene't's tower.



SOUTH-EAST ANGLE OF THE OLD COURT.

Showing old hall (with oriel) and the new hall built in the early nineteenth century.

a wreath, bearing in Roman lettering cut into stone the inscription :

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE
JOHN FLETCHER

ANTIQUAE DOMUS
GEMINUM DECUS

The colour on the window frames is predominantly black and white, occasionally relieved with orange. This catches up the colour scheme adopted in the recent redecoration of other portions of the College.

[The removal of the destructive ivy from the walls of this old court is in every way to be approved, and, though the immediate effect is rather bald, time will give the surface a mellowed tone. There is room for judicious and restrained planting. None of the subjects should be rampant climbers, but of the character of wall shrubs. Colour in June could be given by a wistaria and a climbing Caroline Testout rose. Crataegus pyracantha would give evergreen leaves and scarlet berries for winter. Lonicera and clematis, ceanothus and jasminum are families from which a suitable subject might be chosen, but reticence in number and character should be the keynote of such choice. The preservation of the old windows is equally commendable, but we think that what has been done is open to some criticism ; in particular, the

disappearance of the old sashes to the first floor windows in the first and third bays of the northern side of the Court (see views on opposite page) is to be regretted, more especially as the new lights in the third bay have heads of a rather mixed character. In our opinion, also, it would have been better to have left plain wall surface between the old and the new windows on the ground floor of this bay. The commemorative panel here is not happily placed and is superfluous, as the sundial alone would have been a sufficient feature on the face of the building.—Ed.]

This editorial note was forwarded to Sir Geoffrey Butler, who writes :

I take it as a very satisfactory thing that my article should have elicited editorial comment, especially as I think, from a perusal of your little note, your general feeling towards our solution of this difficult problem is commendatory. As regards the last three sentences, there is this to be said : (1) The whole of the third bay is new. It was here that the ivy had done its worst, and it was quite certain that within a year or two the floor of the first storey rooms would have torn itself out of the walls and we should have had a horrid smash. (2) The ground floor windows being quite new, it was necessary to keep the three lights on each side of the panel separate in order satisfactorily to light the sitting-room and bedroom to the greatest effect and centrally. I can only say that we tried omitting the panel and the whole bay seemed to fall to pieces, the windows appearing to be squeezed into the corners under the buttresses. We found extraordinarily convincing the addition of the panel in that it immediately seemed to give solidarity to the whole.

CAIRN TERRIERS

BY THE HON. DOUGLAS H. CAIRNS.



COLONEL A. YOUNG WITH A GROUP OF "MERCIA" CAIRNS.

IT is both interesting and instructive to note that, in the opinion of the authorities in charge of the Southern Cairn Terrier Club, "any cross with a modern Scotch terrier will be considered objectionable." Objectionable, also, is the

substitution of the word "Scotch" for "Scottish" or "Scots." Whisky may be "Scotch"—in the South, at any rate—but not the terrier. This, however, is an inconsiderable trifle. What does matter is that, in the

"Scottie," as he is usually termed, type has been so badly overshadowed by exaggerations that the warning quoted should have been considered advisable. Rawdon Lee, writing of the Scottie in 1894, remarks, in discussing the various names ascribed to

him, that "others dubbed him the Cairn terrier"; and there is no doubt that the Scottie was evolved from the contemporary Cairn, i.e., the terrier used by the Highland gamekeeper and fox-hunter for terriers' work.



CHAMPION SKYE CROFTER.
Winner of three championships and sixteen firsts.



WEST HIGHLAND WHITE TERRIER, CHICANE OF
CHILDWICK.



CAIRN TERRIER, BROC OF MERCIA.
Grandson of Champion Skye Crofter and Champion
Langley Tiggy.

the continuity of such a strain in its pristine excellence should have been negated by the fanciers' bugbear, *i.e.*, failure to distinguish between type and monstrosity. The very enunciation of "points" seems to be fraught with danger to the future of any variety of dog. Tell the fancy that the "head should be long," or the "muzzle square." Is the measure interpreted according to common-sense or a view of proportion, without which beauty is lost? Not a bit. Forthwith appears an advertisement of Mr. A.'s stud dog claiming his possession of



RED CAIRN DOG, BALLOCH OF MERCIA.
Winner of many prizes.

coat but half grown; bone exaggerated to unwieldiness. But Scottie type—anathema, apparently, to the breeder of show Cairn terriers—does not necessarily—cannot, in fact, when interpreted honestly—carry with it the *exaggerations* demanded by the *fin-de-siècle* Scottie fanciers, and, making due allowance for local variations and excluding certain Island strains, used principally for bolting otters, almost every hard-bitten subterranean fox-killer I ever came across in the Highlands has inclined more to the Scottie type than to that of the modern



CAIRN TERRIER, IAN OF MERCIA.
Winner of many prizes.

The West Highlands were systematically "combed" by such enthusiasts as the late Captain Mackie, Mr. J. D. McColl and others for typical specimens. Careful breeding fixed a type at once beautiful, workmanlike and free from exaggerations. Alas! that

the longest head in the fancy," or a photograph of Mr. B.'s successful sire, armed with a jaw resembling an oblong box, its lines artfully emphasised by trimming the hair. Cobbiness is replaced by lumber; hard coat simulated by the exhibition of specimens which have been "stripped" and timed to appear with the

show Cairn. This statement is based neither on prejudice nor a narrow experience, but on the impressions left on a doggy eye by an immense number of terriers interviewed in the homes of a wide circle of stalkers and keepers; an eye always on the lookout for a

good terrier ever since the 'eighties, when a certain red Highland "fox-dog" of pronounced Scottie type accompanied his undergraduate owner to Oxford as a pioneer of a breed then practically unknown in the south. The opinion of such men, stalkers, keepers and professional fox-killers, is valuable, for they do not keep a terrier unsuitable for their purposes; and, while you will not find in their cottages the up-to-date show type of either Scottie or Cairn, I have seen fully a dozen terriers in the course of the last few years which, in "good hands"—*i.e.*, the hands of an expert trimmer—would have won as Scotties at any respectable show a couple of decades since. I am not referring to the hotel or railway station fancier, who breeds to suit the tourist market. Curiously enough, it is only a few weeks since I saw a keeper-owned pedigree Scottie who in his youth would have been fit to exhibit fearlessly anywhere, and whose thirteen years of service have included a like number of spring fishing seasons on the Tay. Still he stands, or even lies, in a few inches of water, seldom anything but cold, watching with eye undimmed the wide surface of the river, acclaiming every rise with a bark so resonant as to make one wonder whether fish do or do not hear. And again, last November, when enjoying a hospitable tea in the cottage of one of the Blackmount stalkers, one of my hostesses was a little dark-brindled bitch, old but hale, and with a good record at foxes, the "spitting image" of a Scottie purchased from Mr. Ludlow, whose kennel used to take a lot of beating some twenty years back.

Allusion has been made to the Island terriers. The late Laird of Waternish, in Skye, possessed a strain famous for work throughout the West Highlands. They were not show dogs, neither had close breeding reduced their type to uniformity. No toys were harboured at Waternish, and many of the breed had half-prick ears and a tuft of softish hair on the forehead. If one happens on a keeper-owned terrier with these characteristics, he is almost always, in my experience, a workman of the first order.

But the facts that the Cairn terrier of show type would, if his attractions depended solely or mainly upon his fox-killing or otter-bolting capacity, usually be found wanting, and that it would be impossible to enter one per cent. of the breed, in its ever increasing numbers, to its original vocation, are of relatively small importance. How many fox terriers, Sealyhams, Border terriers, etc., ever have a chance of a sniff at their hereditary foe, or would recognise his aroma if they had the opportunity? Now that the Cairn terrier has attained a high place in the list of companions, why not let him rest there, instead of claiming for him the accomplishment of feats of which he is physically incapable? For instance, "two Cairn Terriers, winners at a recent championship show" (I quote from the letter of an enthusiast), "were found bleeding but triumphant, having killed a large otter between them." This statement is made in all good faith, but as to the otter having been a "large" one, *i.e.*, full grown, I leave the matter to the opinion of those who have seen the wiry animal pass unscathed through the rough treatment meted out to him by a pack of otter hounds, or have handled his unbroken skin when killed. If the feat described is literally possible, one cannot but rejoice at the prowess of the terriers and even more heartily at the fact that terriers capable of such work are not debarred by size or weight from winning prizes.

Miss Viccars, some inmates of whose kennel have been reproduced by Mr. Fall with characteristic success, has been wiser than many other breeders in relying upon the very best Highland strains for establishing and maintaining the quality of her kennel. Mr. John MacDonald, gamekeeper on a portion of Macleod of Macleod's property in the Isle of Skye, has been largely responsible for the workmanlike characteristics of the terriers known by the "Mercia" affix. These terriers have been bred and worked at Ullinish for longer than one cares to remember: I knew and possessed some of them long before the name "Cairn Terrier" was known outside narrow local limits. They were called "Skye Terriers" in those days. From Ullinish came Balloch, winner of many prizes. Broc and his grandsire, Skye Crofter, are both of the working stamp. Take these two portraits and that of Ian: a study will convince the sceptic of the truth of my earlier assertion as to the common origin of Cairn and Scottie, but the student must still keep type in his mind, to the exclusion of *exaggerations*. Ian has been sold to America, where straightness—in canine fronts at any rate—seems to be correctly valued: a better standing terrier would be hard to find.

Red, fawn, cream and stone-grey, with or without the dark points now so highly prized, were always among the recognised colours for Highland terriers, and by in-breeding the "creams" or pale fawns was evolved the strain now known as the White West Highland Terrier. Until a few years ago the coloured ancestry was almost always denoted by a yellow tinge in the undercoat and behind the ears and by the occasional appearance of a yellow puppy among the whites. To me it seems a pity to divide this variety from the Cairn breed by a separate scale of points and a different name. Not only have the two strains a common origin of recent date, but their blood has been since intermingled to obtain specific results. The differing "points" could be adjusted, as they were created, artificially, and the evils inherent to congenitalism, mental no less than physical, postponed by a larger choice of blood.



THE mention of Hove certainly does not bring before one the idea of historical interest or antiquarian charm. Probably most visitors and many of Hove's residents think of the flourishing watering-place as an outgrowth in modern times from populous Brighton—Brighton, the ancient town by the sea, that has grown into a mighty city in the last century and a half. Yet the typical inhabitant of Hove will tell you that his town has nothing in

reality to do with Brighton, beyond the accident that they happened to expand towards each other, just as Westminster and London have done. The two towns have their separate mayors and corporations. Brighton has, of course, its ancient history, and the ever-growing fame that has come with the last century and a half of popularity; but it is not so generally known that in the period from the Norman Conquest down to the sixteenth century Hove was a place of some importance,

with a considerable population. It still gives its name to two prebendal stalls in Chichester Cathedral—Hova Villa and Hova Ecclesia—and its church, of twelfth and thirteenth century dates, now, alas! but a fragment of the original, with beautiful Early English arcades and roof to the nave, has survived a devastating restoration of the early nineteenth century, to which belong the ugly "Norman" tower and the chancel. As against these uglifications, the arcade piers with their richly carved capitals and the huge tie-beams and king-posts of the roof deserve more attention than they have hitherto received. There are five bays, regularly spaced, in both the north and south arcades, and a student of architecture will detect a very close resemblance to contemporary French churches, and to Coutances Cathedral in particular. This resemblance is very marked in the conventional carving of the circular capitals, which, with the exception of the work of Bishop Seffrid II in the retro-choir of Chichester Cathedral, has nothing exactly like it in Sussex. The great interest of the early thirteenth century roof over the nave is greatly lessened by the plaster ceiling, which covers all but the tie-beams and principals. Very few of Hove's people seem to be aware of their old church's existence and genuine antiquity.

Church and Manor House were anciently bound up together, and this must serve as an excuse for these remarks. The supposed Druidical stone which gave its name to Goldstone Bottom and the vanished tumulus which furnished the famous amber cup in the Brighton Museum are notes of Hove's prehistoric antiquity—also much forgotten.

The steady inroads which the sea has made on this part of the Sussex coast have swept away whole villages since Domesday was compiled, and much of the older Hove, like parts of older Brighton, lie beneath the waves.

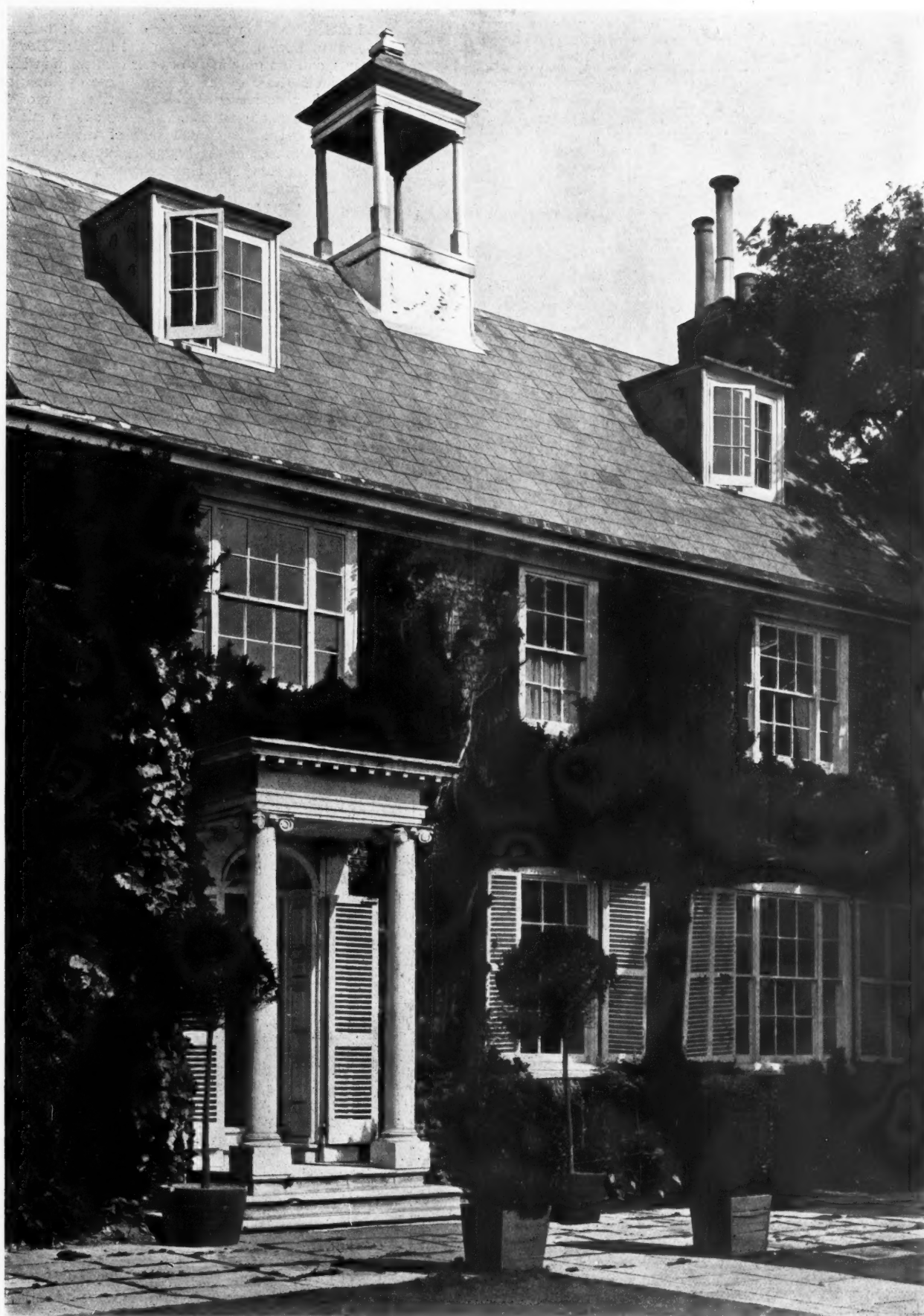
Sir Sidney Greville acquired the Manor House and manorial rights from Major Vallance, in whose family they had been handed down for several generations. Previous owners have left scanty records, but the property does not seem to have continued long in any one family. It was a possession of the great Earl Godwin, and after the



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THE LATE GEORGIAN ENTRANCE DOOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

2.—CENTRE OF THE SOUTH-EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE," 1920



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3.—THE SOUTH-EAST PORTICO.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



4.—THE PAVED GARDEN WAY LEADING TO THE SOUTH-EAST DOOR.

Conquest William Fitz-Bonard held it of William de Warenne. Anciently Hove was held with Preston, some three miles distant, as a manor of the Bishops of Chichester, and there is reason to believe that the early bishops resided a good deal at the somewhat important house that they erected for themselves and their bailiffs on the manor of Preston; but they appear to have let their house and lands at Hove to tenants, and the only mark of their ownership in Hove is the architecture of the church, where one imagines that they were responsible for the fine work of the arcades and much else that has long since vanished. In the reigns of Edward I and of the fourteenth century a branch of the Pierpoint family, who have given their name to Hurstpierpoint, were settled here, and probably occupied a house on the site. In 1608 the manor belonged to the Crown, and from 1638 to 1712 it was held by the old Sussex family of Scrase, passing by marriage of an heiress, Elizabeth, daughter of William Scrase, to the Tredcrofts, with whom it remained till the end of the eighteenth century, when it passed by sale to the Stanfords, more prominently identified with Preston Manor.

But little is seen of the house from the road, owing to the high walls by which it is enclosed, and the transition is therefore the more abrupt from the modern street to the old-world garden and the charming Georgian house, in whose walls seventeenth century, and perhaps still older, work remains. Through a gate in the high wall that borders the main road one enters a quiet courtyard, where a double-storeyed excrescence, segmental in plan, set between two right-angle wings, gives access to the house. This, which is faced with Roman cement, is a pleasing piece of design in the Late Georgian manner, with columns and pilasters and a balustraded cornice (Fig. 1), very much in keeping with the homely character of the house, the neighbouring walls of which are coated with the same brown cement which was greatly favoured for weather-resisting and economical reasons in eighteenth and early nineteenth century Sussex. An old Sussex bricklayer will say: "That's a bit of the old Roman: it takes a bit of beating, it do." And, truth to tell, it forms a very hard and good weathering material, better for taking paint than the Portland that has superseded it.

The south-east front shows a quite different treatment, representing the earlier re-modelling that the house underwent in *circa* 1730-50 (Figs. 2 and 3). Here we have black knapped flints set in courses, with good red brick dressings. The high-pitched slated roof is surmounted by a picturesque wooden bell cupola; under the eaves is a wooden modillion cornice, and a graceful little portico with Ionic columns, also of white painted wood, protects the tall fan-light doorway, with its panelled soffit (Fig. 3). The creepers here, and especially the fine euonymus, hide much of the wall surfaces and, it must be admitted, add greatly to the charm of this front, as do also the stone-paved walks (Fig. 4), with a stone flower-vase in the centre, the smooth turf and the tall old elms. On the left of this old front is a single-storeyed wing of later date, in which is the former pinery, of cobble-flints and brick, and a new garden-room adjoining on the site of a conservatory. By judicious planting Sir Sidney Greville has done much to enhance the natural attractions of the house and grounds and make an oasis in the wilderness of modern Hove.

Coming to the interior through the front entrance we have the study (Fig. 8), built on the old conservatory site, with a bowed front towards the sea, its walls stuccoed in large panels bordered with egg-and-dart moulding and grained to imitate walnut. It contains a rosewood and gilt cabinet, with ebony cabriole legs, from St. James's Palace, and, among other treasures, a sketch of Mr. Gladstone by the late Sir Frank Lockwood.

The drawing-room (Fig. 7) is panelled in pine of early eighteenth century date, with a deep coved frieze of plaster, dignified in its severe simplicity. The bolection-moulded fire-place, the swags of fruit and flowers above it and the choice old furniture are all in keeping with a very charming room, in which it is hazardous to separate between what is purely old and what is clever reproduction in the period. The Sussex

fireback bears the date 1635, with the arms of France, England, Scotland and Ireland, flanked by the crowned lion and unicorn.

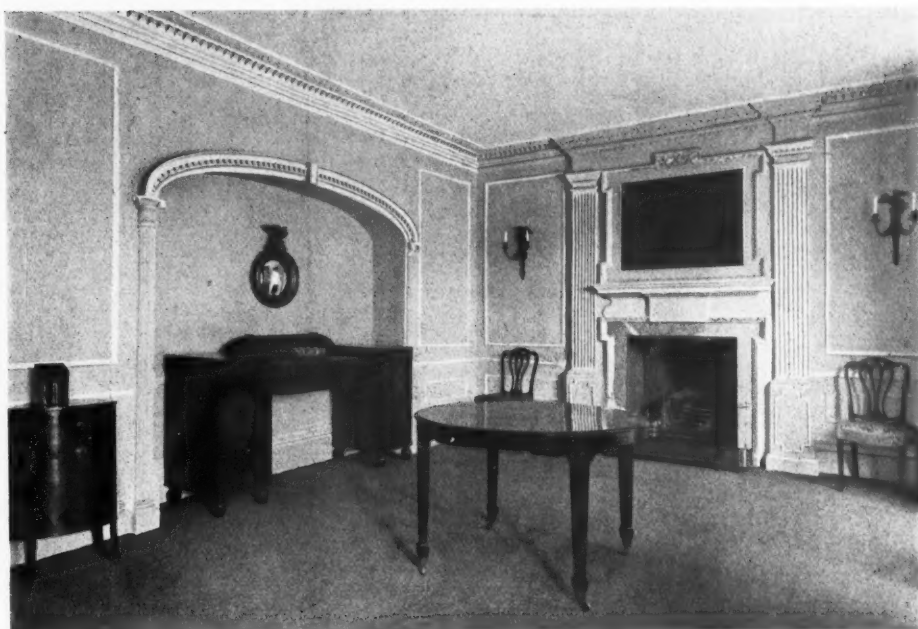
The inner hall is very prettily planned, and contains some eighteenth century "Chinese" lacquer cabinets and a table with cabriole legs. The alcove treatment of the plan is most effective, and equally so are the open lattice-work of the staircase and the carved bracketing of the stair-carriage (Fig. 6).

Opening off the inner hall is the dining-room (Fig. 5), restfully treated in cream and white with a panelled-out scheme, a graceful elliptical-arched sideboard recess, and a pleasing modern chimneypiece of Georgian design flanked by fluted pilasters. An old painting, dated 1780, is framed over the fireplace (Fig. 13). The sideboard, of late eighteenth century date, is one of several beautiful pieces of furniture, and among the minor objects is a case of rare old horn spoons, by which Sir Sidney sets great store.

Passing out, one notices in the servants' quarters an outer doorway with a canopy of *circa* 1730, and a pair of old arches off the half-landing.

In Sir Sidney's bedroom, facing south-east, is a bedstead of about 1630 with acorn tops to the posts, and an old fireplace. On the walls are engravings of St. James's Palace, with the Household Guards, *circa* 1780, and views of Old Brighton. Among the other bedrooms are a Bachelor's Room; the Green Room, looking south-west and containing a picture of Warwick Castle; the Yellow Room, with an engraving by Pratt, after Romney, of the Countess of Warwick and her children, and another of the Queen's Palace, St. James's Park, 1783, the Hon. Charles Francis Greville, etc. In the Rose Bedroom are reproductions of Canaletto's Views of London and Westminster, *circa* 1747. Elsewhere are two Morlands and reproductions of Paul Sandby's fine water-colours of Windsor Castle.

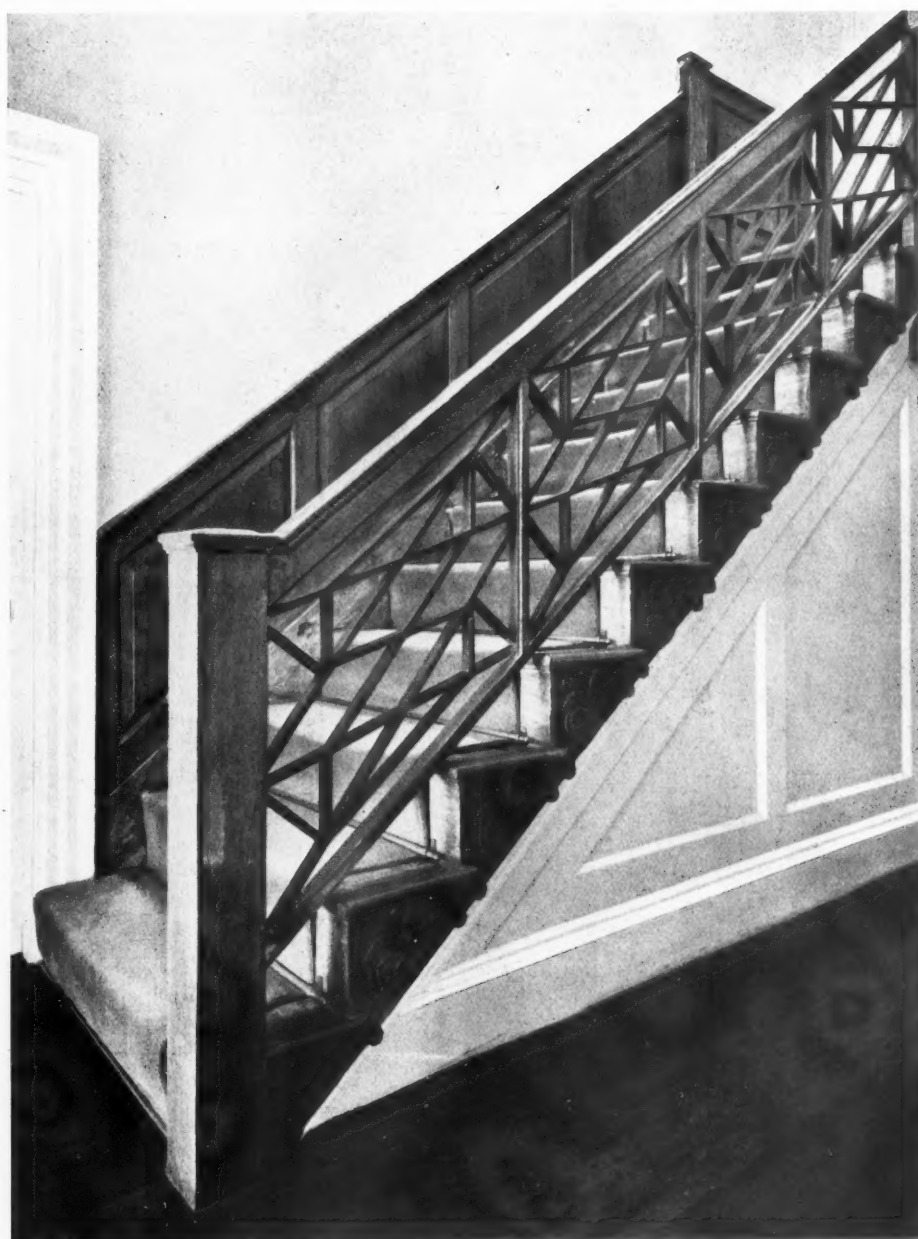
The description and illustrations of the rooms have already revealed the admirable and apt choice of the general furnishings. Sir Sidney holds a high place among our collectors, and a special article on the exceedingly choice pieces of English eighteenth century furniture which he has brought together in his London house has already appeared in these pages (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. xxxi, page 326). That showed him to be essentially an eclectic collector. He does not crowd his rooms with all sorts, but obtains just the



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5.—THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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8.—THE STUDY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. 9.—MAHOGANY SIDE TABLE. "C.L."
Fitted with two drawers, the highly carved aprons and other enriched portions are gilt. *Circa 1735.*



Copyright. 10.—SIDE TABLE. "C.L."
Carved and gilt, the cabriole legs have a human mask carved on the knee. *Circa 1715.*

right amount of the best type in the best, that is, the most untouched, condition and, if afterwards still better examples present themselves, he effects a replacement and not a multiplication. As a result we not only find exceptional quality, but a correct and convincing presentment. His rooms are not a modern depository of the goods of the past, but breathe the spirit of the age of their contents, which reveal on the part of their present possessor a full knowledge of the social conditions that produced them and of the habits of life to which they were adapted. This is as true of Hove as of the house in the Ambassador's Court, although the pieces there may be the more precious. But how good and typical are those at Hove is seen by a few examples

specially illustrated. The earliest is a chair (Fig. 11) of a date somewhat antecedent to the period which Sir Sidney most favours. It belongs to the time when oak was beginning to give way to walnut as the favourite furniture material, but when the older fashion of design yet prevailed. The frame is composed of straight but turned legs and stretchers, while the back has just enough angle and the arms just enough curve to carry out the sense of ease which the stuffed seat and back panel initiate. The upholstery is of that "Turkey work," of which Elizabethan and Early Stuart ladies, with zealous pertinacity, made carpets still more than chair coverings, and the specimens on the chair in question may well be parts of a much larger original. They are, however, perfectly suited in design and



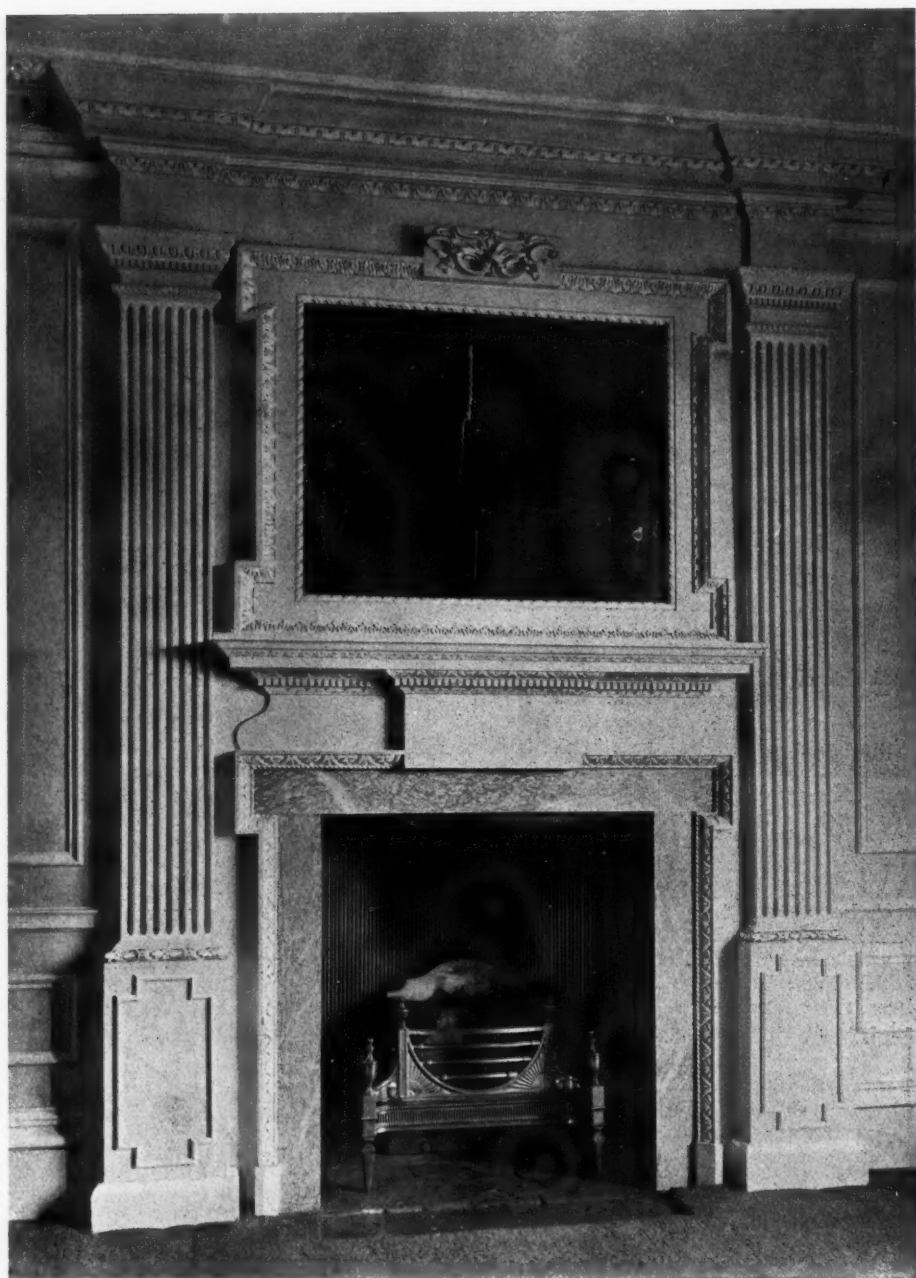
Copyright. 11.—WALNUT ARMCHAIR. "C.L."
With straight turned legs and stretcher covered in Turkey work. *Circa 1640*



Copyright. 12.—GRANDFATHER CHAIR. "C.L."
Covered with needlework. The cabriole legs have shells on the knees and the flat stretcher of the William and Mary period is retained. *Circa 1705.*

general character to upholstery and give a real distinction to the chair. The date will be somewhere in the reign of Charles I, but his younger granddaughter will have been Queen before the other chair illustrated saw light (Fig. 12). It belongs to the first years of the seventeenth century when the cabriole leg had asserted itself, but when the flat curved stretcher of William and Mary days was apt to be retained. It is covered in fine patterned and coloured needlework, typical of its age. Of Queen Anne type, although perhaps made under her Hanoverian successor, is the charming "gold gilt" side table (Fig. 10) that has the "Red Indian" mask dexterously carved on the knees of its front legs. The whole table is carved in low relief or incised and then given a slight gesso treatment to make the surface perfectly smooth for the gilding. There is also a good deal of gilding about the last piece illustrated (Fig. 9), a side table of mahogany fitted with two drawers where the plain surfaces only are left to show the wood. There are enriched bands edging the top and surrounding the drawers, while heavy carving in the rococo style composes front and side aprons and stretches over the knees of all four legs. Part gilding of mahogany was the vogue when Sir Robert Walpole was furnishing Houghton early in the reign of George II, and we may put this piece down to that period. Equally desirable and sympathetic furnishings are to be found all over the charming, restful and old-world house that Sir Sidney has created for himself almost within earshot of modern and crowded Brighton.

PHILIP M. JOHNSTON.



13.—THE DINING-ROOM CHIMNEYPIECE.

TOLSTOI AS THE "BOGATYR"

READING the "Reminiscences of Leo Nicolayevitch Tolstoi," by Maxim Gorky (Hogarth Press), one realises that night with a thousand eyes cannot see as clearly as the day with one. Tolstoi had the fortune common to great men, he was surrounded and followed by the herd of mediocrities called Tolstoyans. We very well know the boneless, bloodless books they compiled about him, books that almost invariably leave behind a dislike of the hero whom they try to paint. Gorky begins a short discussion of them with a very fine simile, "there stands a noble belfry and its bell sounds untiringly over the whole world, while round about run tiny and timorous dogs whining at the bell and distrustfully looking askance at one another, as though to say, 'Who howled best?'" Those "tiny, timorous dogs," he says, had something in common with the friars who went into the dark corners of Russia passing dog bones off as relics. He rather bitterly recalls a story of one of them who at "Yasnaya Polyana refused to eat eggs so as not to wrong the hens, but at Tula railway station he greedily devoured meat, saying: 'The old fellow does exaggerate.'" He goes on to say that nearly all of them liked to moan and kiss one another. They have all boneless, perspiring hands and lying eyes. Gorky himself is equally sincere in his admiration

and in his hatred. His little book closes with a noble passage. It occurs at the end of a conversation which began by Tolstoi asking, "Why don't you believe in God?" and, receiving the answer, "I have no faith," he delivered an eloquent answer to prove that his companion was born a believer and should not thwart himself. You might say beauty was the highest, but "what is beauty? The highest and most perfect is God." Gorky's comment was, "And I, who do not believe in God, looked at him, for some reason very cautiously and a little timidly. I looked and thought: 'The man is godlike.'"

But the book is very far from being unbroken eulogy. There were moments and moods in which dislike and even hatred took the place of discipleship. Gorky recognised that he was dealing with a colossus, the greatest by far of the thinkers Russia has so far produced. But the colossus was not built of pure gold, although there was much pure gold in the composition. He likens him over and over again to the "Bogatyr," "A hero in Russian legend, brave, but wild and self-willed like a child." Over and over again this thought comes:

In Leo Nicolayevitch there is much which at times roused in me a feeling very like hatred, and this hatred fell upon my soul with crushing weight. His disproportionately overgrown individuality is a monstrous phenomenon, almost ugly, and there is in him something

of Sviatogor, the bogatyr, whom the earth can't hold. Yes, he is great. I am deeply convinced that, beyond all that he speaks of, there is much which he is silent about, even in his diary—he is silent, and, probably, will never tell it to anyone.

He goes so far as to suggest Nature should make an exception to her law and give to this one man physical immortality, and in that connection repeats that he is a "bogatyr," an explorer, and, "like a young recruit, wild and headstrong from fear and despair in face of the unknown barrack."

The most melancholy and also the most beautiful thought recorded in this slim volume is in the remark, said more nervously than is usual, "The flesh should be the obedient dog of the spirit, running to do its bidding; but we—how do we live? The flesh rages and riots, and the spirit follows it helpless and miserable," a thought worthy of being placed beside certain passages in the Psalms and the Book of Job. We are told that his talk was very little about literature although Tolstoi had an endless curiosity about the personal history of those who wrote. When he did make a criticism it struck hard and deep, as when he said of Leo Shestov, the author of "Good and Evil in the Teaching of Nietzsche and Tolstoi," "What a daring coiffeur." Upon being asked "Why coiffeur?" he answered thoughtfully:

it just came into my mind—he is fashionable, *chic*, and I remembered the coiffeur from Moscow at a wedding of his peasant uncle in the village. He has the finest manners and he dances fashionably, and so he despises everyone.

There is, again, a passage about Dickens which begins by praising as very clever his saying that "life is given us on the definite understanding that we boldly defend it to the last." He goes on:

On the whole, he was a sentimental, loquacious, and not very clever writer, but he knew how to construct a novel as no one else could, certainly better than Balzac.

Of new poets and their inventions he makes the cutting remark that there are certain silly French things called *articles de Paris* and says, "well, that's what your stringers of verses produce."

But with it all he is very human. On one occasion he asked Gorky what was the most terrible dream he ever had. The first of the dreams was dismissed as a nightmare, but of the next one which had for scenery a snowy plain as smooth as a piece of paper, with a hardly distinguishable road going over the white snow and on the road, marching slowly, a pair of grey felt top boots—empty. Tolstoi said:

it is unlikely that you ever drank much. And yet there's something drunken in these dreams. There was a German writer, Hoffmann, who dreamt that card tables ran about the street, and all that sort of thing, but then he was a drunkard—a "calaholic," as our literate coachmen say. Empty boots marching—that's really terrible. Even if you did invent it, it's good Terrible.

It had evidently tickled his fancy because of the reminiscences it roused, such as that in Tverskaya Street, "there runs a card table with its curved legs, its boards clap, clap, raising a chalky dust."

Another he gives is related by an old landowner who in his dream walked out of a wood on to a steppe:

On the steppe he saw two hills, which suddenly turned into a woman's breasts, and between them rose up a black face which, instead of eyes, had two moons like white spots. The old man dreamt that he was standing between the woman's legs, in front of him a deep, dark ravine, which sucked him in. After the dream his hair began to grow grey and his hands to tremble, and he went abroad to Doctor Kneip to take a water cure.

And later on, in the evening, he thinks again of the previous dream:

The boots are marching—terrible, eh? Quite empty—tiop, tiop—and the snow crunching. Yes, it's good; but you are very bookish, very. Don't be cross, but it's bad and will stand in your way, and Gorky retorts in his note. "I am scarcely more bookish than he, and at the time I thought him a cruel rationalist despite all his pleasant little phrases."

But here is another and more beautiful side to the old man:

At times he gives one the impression of having just arrived from some distant country, where people think and feel differently and their relations and language are different. He sits in a corner tired and grey, as though the dust of another earth were on him, and he looks attentively at everything with the look of a foreigner or of a dumb man.

The common Tolstoyan altogether fails to give to one who never saw him a really true idea of Tolstoi's appearance. The most engaging in this book is one of the great writer in his best mood, walking in a birch wood where he jumped the ditches and pools like a boy, whooped after a hare that was raised and watched a hawk hovering over the cattleshed. We get a general impression of an old withered little man with a peasant's beard and wonderful hands and eyes. They were

small eyes, but seemed to have looked through his interlocutor. Of the hands, he says:

He has wonderful hands—not beautiful, but knotted with swollen veins, and yet full of a singular expressiveness and the power of creativeness. Probably Leonardo da Vinci had hands like that. With such hands one can do anything. Sometimes, when talking, he will move his fingers, gradually close them into a fist, and then, suddenly opening them, utter a good, full-weight word. He is like a god, not a Sabaoth or Olympian, but the kind of Russian god who "sits on a maple throne under a golden lime tree," not very majestic, but perhaps more cunning than all the other gods.

Here is a picture that deserves to live as long as Tolstoi is remembered:

I once saw him as, perhaps, no one has ever seen him. I was walking over to him at Gaspra along the coast, and behind Yussupov's estate, on the shore among the stones I saw his smallish, angular figure in a grey, crumpled, ragged suit and crumpled hat. He was sitting with his head on his hands, the wind blowing the silvery hairs of his beard through his fingers: he was looking into the distance out to sea, and the little greenish waves rolled up obediently to his feet and fondled them as though they were telling something about themselves to the old magician.

We might go on quoting, but the book must be read in order to make it clear that here is a man of interest and sympathy and sincerity, who has described a great man as one of his peers might describe him, as Carlyle described Burns, for example, and not as the mob of flatterers have done to their heroes, whether Russian, English or French. We refer to the people who have gathered up the anise and cummin from the life of the Brontës and have missed the essence or soul altogether, the common Burnsites, the whole company of hangers on who regard greatness only as something they can use for small talk and gossip. We give only one more quotation, because it describes the vision of the writer in one of those anguished illuminated moments when anything but truth is impossible:

I do not want to see Tolstoi a saint: let him remain a sinner close to the heart of the all-sinful world, even close to the heart of each one of us. Poushkin and he—there is nothing more sublime or dearer to us.

Anybody who took Tolstoi for a moujik was speedily disillusioned if a false compliment were paid him. Gorky thus describes the metamorphosis that took place:

And suddenly, under his peasant's beard, under his democratic crumpled blouse, there would rise the old Russian *barin*, the grand aristocrat: then the noses of the simple-hearted visitor, educated and all the rest, instantly became blue with intolerable cold. It was pleasant to see this creature of the purest blood, to watch the noble grace of his gestures, the proud reserve of his speech, to hear the exquisite pointedness of his murderous words. He showed just as much of the *barin* as was needed for these serfs, and when they called out the *barin* in Tolstoi it appeared naturally and easily and crushed them so that they shrivelled up and whined.

IN "Adventurers All. A Series of Young Poets unknown to fame," published by Basil Blackwell, Oxford, appears *The Red Dragon*, by Llewelyn Slingsby Bethell. It may be described as a promising bid for reputation although much in the little volume needs either chastening or cutting away. The author has not yet arrived at the point where he can distinguish between what he has imbibed from reading and what springs from his own natural genius. *The Red Dragon*, which gives the name to the volume, is the best in the book. It is so good that we forgive even the introduction of phrases from the Welsh—"Mae hen wlad fy nhadau"—and we good-naturedly struggle to understand how a word without vowels, like "bwllch," should be pronounced, the rhythm lending no aid. It may be forgiven to verse which contains lines like these:

"Still there is left us a country where the heart and the hand can be free,
Where the mountains are still and unconquered, as valiant and secret
as we,
And the rhaiadr beauteous and daring, and sudden and lovely the
vales,
Where the rivers hold locked in their bosom the magic blue skies of
old Wales.
Still there is left us a country where the soul of a man can be free,
As Wye or as Severn, which leap from Plynlimmon, running down
to the sea."

It is not flawless. Here and there is an unnecessary epithet. How much more musical would be "the magical skies of old Wales" than "the magic blue skies." The word "blue" hurts the ear. Of the translations we cannot say much that is favourable. Few would imagine that the following lines were even meant to be a rendering of Catullus:

"Let us live and love, my dear,
Nor heed the scandal and the sneer,
A fig for prudes—but let them be,
Since I love thee."

The next two would give the source away, but how inferior they are to the original:

"Suns have sunk and risen red:
When our little day is dead."

There are a number of experiments in slang, the best one beginning:

"Life!
You asks me what I thinks of life. Wot cheer!
Life ain't all jam my toff, you bet yer life,
A blowen and some baccy and some boer."

IRRIGATION BETWEEN the TWO RIVERS

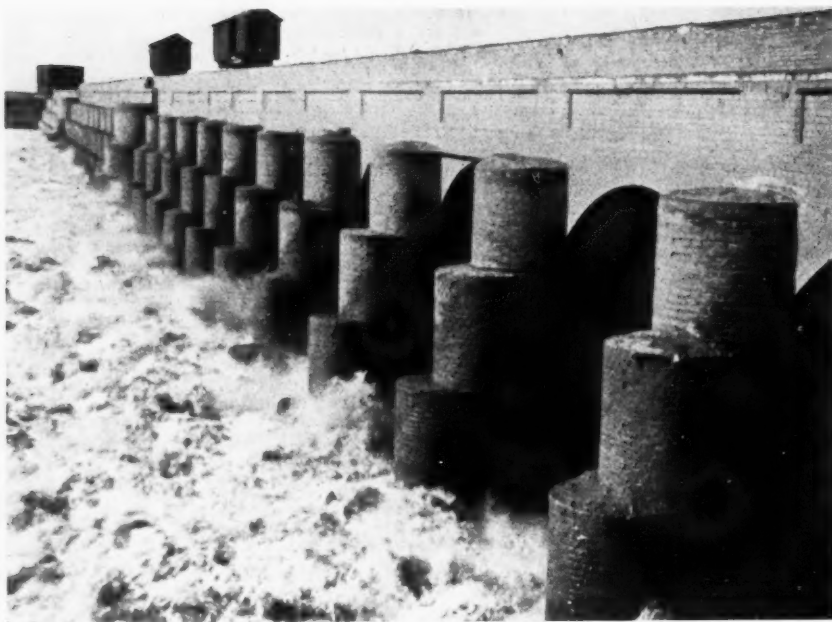
BY ROLAND GORBOLD



NAOURAS AT HIT ON THE RIVER EUPHRATES.



THE TOP OF A NAOURA OR WATER-WHEEL.



THE HINDIYEH BARRAGE

AS one travels across the great deserts of Mesopotamia the only feature that breaks the monotony of those awful sun-dried plains is the large number of ruined ancient irrigation canals that traverse the land in all directions. The Nahrawan Canal appeals more to the imagination than any other on account of its great length, for it was 200 miles long in the days when the water of the Tigris flowed between its banks, and such a great authority as Sir William Willcocks has described it as an engineering feat as great as any of the ancient canals of Egypt. This is only one of very many canals that date from different periods, and the country between the Two Rivers would appear almost as if the bars of a gigantic gridiron had been placed across it.

All this desolation has been brought about by the ruthless Mongol Hulaku Kan, who took Baghdad in 1258, destroying the wealth and treasures of ages and putting to death the last of the Abbassid Caliphs. This ended the Arab rule in Mesopotamia; but a far more serious loss was the complete destruction of the whole of the irrigation system of the country that had been the accumulated work of 300 generations of men. The cruel Mongols destroyed all this in a single year, and this land that had known prosperity for thousands of years almost from the dawn of history became a waste of unfruitful marsh during the floods of the early spring and an arid plain of sand and dust in the torrid heat of the summer.

The waters of the great rivers now flow down to the sea almost as they will, doing little for the service of man, flooding the low land of the delta during the spring, and at times even breaking their banks higher up country and flowing over the desert in all directions. In the spring flood the river may rise 10 ft. in one night.

The Arab who has given up his life of wandering and has settled down irrigates a little plot of land by raising water from the river, and the origin of the methods employed is lost in antiquity. During the major part of the year the water is low and the banks steep, so that the water has to be raised by some mechanical means. The most common form of apparatus is illustrated in use on the Tigris. It consists of a large bucket, made of raw hide or roughly tanned leather, weighted with a heavy stone to make it sink, and from the bottom of the bucket there is a long pipe of similar material. A scaffold-like construction carries a series of rough wooden rollers at its head, the number of rollers depending on the number of buckets employed. On the land side an inclined trench is dug, down which a horse or ox, that is attached to the leather bucket by means of a rope, moves. The pipe of the bucket is connected with an irrigation channel. When the animal reaches the top of the slope the bucket is in the water of the river. It turns and descends the slope, pulling up the bucket in the process, and when the

bucket gets above the level of the bank the water flows down the pipe into the irrigation channel. If the water is very low in the river the pipe may have to be lowered as well, which adds a little complication to the apparatus, as a second rope has to be attached to the animal in such a way as to bring up the end of the pipe at the right time. The machine, if one may dignify it by such a name, is usually a "twin," there being two animals continually at work side by side, so that the flow of water is fairly constant; three working side by side are not unknown, and a small farmer will be contented with one.

In Baghdad a more modern form of apparatus is used. This has a series of cups on an endless chain drawn up over a wheel that is driven by a blinkered horse moving round and round a kind of capstan and sprocket-wheel contrivance. There is nothing very unique about this except the roughness of the apparatus, and near the city this system is just being superseded by an oil engine driving a centrifugal pump.

The most wonderful irrigation machines in this country are the Naouras, or water-wheels, that are found on the Euphrates above Hit. They are great wheels 30ft. or more in diameter, made from the rough boughs of trees. The wheels revolve between piers of brickwork on axles of wood; they are built in series, each revolving quite separately from its neighbour but lifting water into a common channel. The illustration shows a series of five. Around the circumference there are earthenware jars secured with their mouths all pointing in the same direction; paddles or floats are also fixed to the circumference of the wheel. The river runs swiftly and turns the wheel



THE BLINKERED HORSE GOES ROUND AND ROUND.

by means of the paddles, raising the jars, which are filled with water; when they reach the top they empty themselves into a channel and descend to be filled again. The small channels by the different wheels all lead into a main conduit that carries the water on to the land, and as the wheels are built high there is a considerable fall, so that the water is distributed over a large area. The wheels revolve day and night, filling the air with their creaks and groans, but doing their work all the time, for the river never tires, and they almost seem to have become a part of Nature itself and as little out of place in the landscape as the date palms they water. They must wear out sometimes, of course, but the actual cost of running is almost negligible. Who was the inventor nobody knows. The tomb of Job is near by in Hit, and if that man of patience wandered along the banks of the Euphrates he probably saw similar wheels at work.

Mesopotamia might easily in the future become one of the great grain producing countries of the world, for nowhere is there more fertile land than that of the great alluvial plains between the Two Rivers. There is not a stone between Basra and Baghdad, for the rich soil has been deposited by the rivers in flood time through the centuries. Where experiments have been made, as many as four crops a year have been raised, and every year more and more land is being brought under cultivation.

Before the war the Turks began to realise their responsibility and deputed Sir William Willcocks to devise a scheme for the general irrigation of Mesopotamia. One of his suggestions was the immediate construction of the Hindiyeh Barrage on the Euphrates near Museyib. This work was undertaken by the firm of Sir John Jackson, Limited. It was started in 1911 and completed in 1913—a fine achievement when the difficulties of the work are taken into consideration. A more remote spot in which to undertake a big engineering proposition could hardly be found in the wide world. The dam is 275yds. long and is built on thirty-six arches, the openings between the piers being 16ft. 5ins. wide; each of these spaces has two sluice-gates. Along the top of the arches there is a gangway and a travelling house containing the mechanism for opening



ON THE TIGRIS: A PRIMITIVE METHOD OF IRRIGATION.

the sluices as occasion demands. At one end there is a lock, so that the navigation of the river is not impeded. The whole of the barrage is constructed of brick, which had to be made on the spot.

This is only the beginning of a scheme that, if carried out, may mean that those of us who know Mesopotamia only as a great desert containing the ruins of ancient civilisations may live to see it worthy of what is supposed to have been its earliest designation, the Garden of Eden.



WATER LIFT IN BAGHDAD.

THE ESTATE MARKET

PROPERTIES AGGREGATING 35,000 ACRES

WE are now nearing the end of one of the busiest periods ever recorded, and business has been very brisk indeed during the last week, while the effort to terminate the season in good style and to leave as little as possible for auction in August has produced exceptionally full and important lists for the coming week. Owners are, generally speaking, content to allow moderate reserves to be fixed, and the time is a very favourable one for buyers who seek choice country houses, and some of the finest are for sale with a moderate acreage, which means ease of management and an economical scale of expenditure.

THE HOME OF ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

A SALE which will arouse considerable interest is that of the Aldworth estate, near Haslemere, Surrey, which Lord Tennyson has placed in the hands of Mr. J. S. Castiglione to be sold by auction unless disposed of privately beforehand. Aldworth House was the home of Alfred Lord Tennyson's last years, and he died there on October 6th, 1892. The library remains exactly as it was in the lifetime of the poet.

LINCS LAND UNDER THE HAMMER.

MAJOR MEYNELL has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. John Farrer and Co., to dispose of Laughton, one of the best agricultural and sporting estates in Lincolnshire, extending to 7,150 acres, including about fifty farms and small holdings and the villages of Laughton, East Ferry and Wildsworth.

Some 16,000 acres of farms in the same county are to be sold by Messrs. Drivers, Jonas and Co. on behalf of the trustees of the late Mrs. Porcelli-Cust, and the dates of sale of some sections are now being arranged, and will be from early next month onwards.

BARON HILL, BEAUMARIS.

ABOUT 5,000 acres of Baron Hill in the Isle of Anglesey are to be sold for Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The town of Beaumaris is included in the sale, with 100 farms ranging from 40 acres to 300 acres. A royal coffin of stone in the grounds of Baron Hill connects the estate with the tragedy of an English Princess, Joan, daughter of King John and wife of Prince Llywelyn Ab Iorwerth. At the siege of Montgomery Prince Llywelyn took prisoner a William de Breos and lodged him in his castle. Princess Joan fell in love with the captive, and when, after de Breos had been liberated by ransom, her husband discovered her unfaithfulness, he enticed de Breos back and killed him. Joan, who died years later, was buried in the monastery at Llanfaes. When the monastery was dissolved the tombs were desecrated, and for 250 years her coffin was used as a watering trough for cattle, until in 1808 Lord Bulkeley removed it to Baron Hill.

LORD KENSINGTON'S SOUTH WALES LAND.

ST. BRIDE'S, Pembrokeshire, which Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are to sell for Lord Kensington, includes the islands of Skomer, Midland and Grassholm, with 3,000 acres on the mainland, comprising forty farms and the village of Marloes. A legend relates that St. Bridget (often called St. Bride) sailed over from Ireland with certain devout women and established a nunnery here, and in the Church is an ancient and mutilated effigy, said to represent the patron saint.

HOLME LACY "BREAK-UP."

THE particulars of the Holme Lacy estate, as prepared for re-sale by Messrs. Mabbett and Edge, are in two sections. The first is the magnificent historical house with 343 acres, and the second the agricultural portion, 2,700 acres, in fifty-five lots altogether. Of the mansion so much has recently appeared in COUNTRY LIFE that there is no need to say more at the moment. The auction will be held at Hereford on Tuesday next. Lot 1 is complete, including the advowson to the living, which has been held since 1892 by the Rev. Robert Elton Lee, M.A. There are four miles of salmon fishing in the Wye, where from 200 to 300 fish may be caught in a season,

the average weight being 20lb. Hunting may be had with the North and South Herefordshire Foxhounds, and the Ledbury and Ross Harriers, and golf at Hereford and half a dozen other courses, while links could be laid out in the park; and the shooting is excellent.

Holme Lacy was the subject of illustrated articles in COUNTRY LIFE (vi, 80; and xxv, 870, 906). It was owned by Walter de Lacy in the time of the Norman William, and the Scudamores held it for centuries. Charles I stayed there in the year when Cromwell beat him at Marston Moor and Naseby. The mansion was mainly built by Viscount Scudamore, who died in 1716.

"WACAFELD."

NEXT Wednesday Wakefield Lodge, for 250 years the home of the Dukes of Grafton, is coming under the hammer in London. Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard are acting in conjunction with Messrs. Lofts and Warner, on behalf of the ducal vendor. The estate of 2,280 acres is situated on the borders of Bucks and Northants, in seven parishes, two of which are Potterspury and Paulerspury, curious old place names, with a history which it would be interesting, if space permitted, to examine. The Lodge is of the eighteenth century, standing in beautiful and truly old-world—rather an abused term—grounds, of 12 acres. Around these are the park of 696 acres, and the celebrated Wakefield Lawn, a stretch of 375 acres of grandly timbered pasture land.

Lot 1 includes the mansion and 1,920 acres. Wakefield, the "Wacafeld" of Domesday, was part of Whittlebury Forest, which originally covered 32 square miles. Henry III divided it into five "walks," and to each he appointed a ranger with hereditary rights. An old history says "Wakefield Lodge is supposed to have been built by Mr. Cleypole, ranger of Whittlewood, and son-in-law to Oliver Cromwell." Charles II gave the property to Henry Fitzroy, afterwards Duke of Grafton.

Wakefield Lodge has always been the centre of the Grafton Hunt, and the old kennels were on the Lawn, but are now at Paulerspury, just to the north of the estate. Woodlands of a square mile afford very good sport with the gun, and there is some coarse fishing, and plenty of wild fowl on the lakes. The house was built to the designs of W. Kent, for the second duke, and wings in brick have been added since. The stone hall is a fine apartment, with heavily moulded ceiling and centrepiece, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," inscribed upon it.

FINESHADE ABBEY, NORTHANTS.

ANOTHER noteworthy Northants house, Fineshade Abbey, the seat of the Monckton family, is also in the market. The house, in the Italian style, stands on the site of a priory of Augustinian canons, and was restored in 1856. Messrs. Richardsons of Stamford are the agents for the sale. Bridges "Northamptonshire," published in 1791, deals at length with the property under the name of "Fineshed." It appears to have been built on or near the site of the "Castle Hymel at Fineshed," which was founded by Alfred the Great, and demolished in the reign of King John. Mary Queen of Scots used to go to Fineshed, from Fotheringay Castle, and "Queen Mary's Walk" is still extant.

WHERE BOSWELL BREAKFASTED.

IT seems somewhat amusing at first sight to find the fact that on a certain date—to be precise, Sunday, March 24th, 1776—Boswell breakfasted at a certain house solemnly stated as a fact of interest, but he was accompanied by his patron, "the great lexicographer," and "Moll Cobb" was their hostess. Perhaps Mr. R. M. Freeman may oblige by giving us in the fascinating "New Boswell (now being continued on The Other Side)" in the *Westminster Gazette*, an account of the reunion of this interesting trio. The house is The Friary, Lichfield, and it has just been sold to Sir Richard Cooper, M.P.

SALE OF THE SAINTS, ALRESFORD.

AN important sale has been arranged in the disposal of The Saints, Alresford, a beautiful Hampshire seat, standing in an extensive park, ornamented with a quantity of old timber. It is of interest to note that

The Saints (previously known as Upton) was erected in 1768 by Colonel James Rodney (afterwards Lord Rodney), brother of the famous Admiral of that name who resided on the adjoining estate for some years, and was, early in the nineteenth century, for many years in the occupation of the Onslow family and afterwards occupied by the late Mr. Christie, J.P. Since that time it has been owned and occupied by Lady Rodney. It is an imposing mansion. The gardens and grounds, which are surrounded by the park, are attractive, and there are 200 acres of land. The agents instrumental in disposing of the estate on behalf of Lady Rodney were Messrs. Harding and Harding.

Next Tuesday The Grange, a nice little freehold of 2½ acres at Codford, Wilts, will be sold in Salisbury by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker, who have this week offered for Sir C. E. M. Y. Nepean, Appleshaw, a place of 3 acres at Compton, near Winchester, with possession.

MR. MERVYN MACARTNEY'S HOUSES.

MESSRS. JOHN D. WOOD'S important list next Tuesday in London will include two houses designed and built by Mr. Mervyn Macartney, F.R.I.B.A., one his own, known as Kennet Orley, and the other Bussock Wood, Sir Montagu Pollock's place, and both of them in the Newbury district. They were described in COUNTRY LIFE of July 10th.

40 PROPERTIES IN 14 DAYS.

MESSRS. HAMPTON AND SONS, whose purchase of No. 20, St. James's Square for their own offices and sale room was announced in these columns last week, have, during the fortnight ending next Saturday, forty town and country properties under the hammer, and they have effected a large percentage of private sales before or just after the auctions. Among them may be mentioned Combe Edge, a choice house on the highest part of Hampstead Heath; an Essex estate of 87 acres, called Great Claydons, Hanningfield; Devon properties, among them Hillymead, at Seaton; Great Frenches Park, Crawley Down, 72 acres; The Glen, Goring; a Northwood house, Horsens, and 11 acres; and Three Gables, an Escher residence in grounds of considerable extent. This week they submitted Bourn Hall, Cambs, in conjunction with Messrs. Scruby and Gray, and next Tuesday they wind up the season with a variety of excellent houses in and near London, including Hartley Grange, Hants, and Creek House, Shepperton.

SALE OF HOLLANDS, NEAR YEOVIL.

A VERY successful sale was held at Yeovil by Messrs. R. B. Taylor and Sons, the chief lot being Hollands, a well built house and 12 acres, for £6,000. The Blackmore Vale, Cattistock, and Taunton Vale Foxhounds hunt the district, and the new Yeovil golf course is a mile away.

The Charget estate, in the heart of "the land of the wild red deer," came under the hammer of Messrs. Callaway and Co., in conjunction with Messrs. Deacon and Ingman on Tuesday last, an estate of 7,085 acres in 55 lots.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S PROPERTIES.

AT Hanover Square, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley realised £8,225 for building land and a farm house at Chalfont, Bucks, belonging to the Duke of Bedford. On the main road 22 acres of building land averaged about £160 an acre, and on the district roads about £100 an acre.

The Bloomsbury property of the Duke of Bedford is very much before the public at the moment in connection with the controversy about the future of the University of London. As stated in COUNTRY LIFE last week, there is a new claimant for the privilege of housing the University, the delightfully situated Kenwood estate of Lord Mansfield at Hampstead Heath. The suggestion that the University should be erected there, has found favour, for the reasons that were discussed in an editorial in these columns a week ago, but there are complex problems to be solved in regard to it, and probably it will be some time before finality is reached. [ARBITER.]

CORRESPONDENCE

HOUSING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Stanley May's letter is astonishing. Evidently he knows very little about prevailing conditions. Throughout the country every house of the cheaper class is packed with occupants, and every householder with accommodation is pressed to take in more lodgers than he ought to. One need not prove the scarcity of houses; it is thrust on the attention. There have been several instances in the newspapers during the past few days. I select one. At Redhill County Court a tenant of a six-roomed house at Merstham applied for an order for possession of a room occupied by a lodger. It was proved that sixteen persons lived in the house! The plaintiff said that he was afraid of being prosecuted for overcrowding. The defendant, his wife and four children occupied a front room downstairs. Another lodger had a bedroom. Plaintiff and her family of eight had two rooms. Will Mr. Stanley May argue that such cases afford evidence of enlarged ideas?—CIVIS.

THE ARAB FISHERMAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the interesting article in your last week's issue on "Catching the Quail" there was a photograph of an Egyptian native



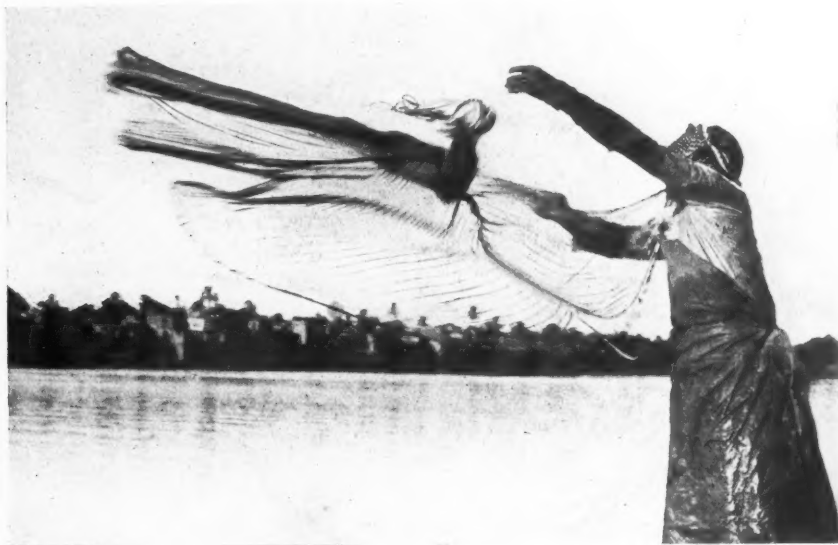
ARAB FISHERMAN MAKING READY HIS NET.

throwing a circular net over a bird in its hiding place. The writer mentioned that this method was used by young fishermen along the coast. You may therefore like to see these photographs of an Arab fisherman. You will notice that the attitude of throwing is very similar in the two cases. The rivers of Mesopotamia are full of fish and some wonderful catches have been made by officers with rod and line, but it is the Arab who is really the successful fisherman. He fishes with a line and hook, or with the ordinary long net, and he has been known to catch fish in an ordinary sack. The Arab fisherman may stand on the river bank, but more often he fishes from the coracle-shaped guffah, which is the most primitive form of boat in existence and is of very ancient origin; in fact, it is frequently depicted on the Chaldaean and Assyrian carvings. But to come back to my pictures. The most picturesque way the Arab has of fishing is with a circular net; it is thrown so that it falls flat on the water. The circumference is weighted with small pieces of lead, which cause the net to slowly sink in the shape of a bell. There is a ring set in the middle of the net which makes a hole through which a number of strings pass from the outer edge, and all join up into one long cord, the end of which the fisherman keeps in his hand, when he draws it in the net gradually closes up and entraps securely any fish that may be inside.—R. G.

ETON AND HARROW CRICKET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A complete change, which becomes annually more evident, seems to have taken place in the cricket and in the cricketers from the two schools, whose match at Lord's ended in Eton's seventh consecutive victory. Harrow used always to be supposed to be at their best at Lord's. They were less nervous than the Etonians, and the tighter the place the more resolutely they set about the business of getting out of it. The typical Harrow champion of a couple of decades back was a thick-set seasoned looking boy, who batted with assurance and the air of knowing all there was to be known about the Eton bowling. The famous cap with its dark blue stripes assisted this workmanlike appearance. Etonian cricketers on the other hand were slim youths, fair haired and lightly built. When they went in to bat they lunged elegantly and sedulously forward at every sort of ball. Some of them did it very well, for there were many fine batsmen among them, and others did it not so well. In the field there was the same kind of contrast; you always felt that, though both sides were on the alert, the Harrow side was a trifle the more alert of the two. In 1920 this impression is completely altered. The very type of boy is changed. The Harrovian is now the thin armed stripling, whose bat looks too heavy for him, whereas the Etonian is a muscular giant, full of go and confidence. What was loosely termed the Eton style of batting is little in evidence. There never was an Eton batsman who looked less like one than the present captain,



FLINGING THE NET ON TO THE WATER.

Hill-Wood. He crouches at the wicket, is exceptionally quick on his feet, and watches the ball with a lynx-like closeness. He hardly drives at all, but cuts and hits the short ball to leg in the most modern manner. If he and Aird were affected with that nervousness, which was once the traditional bane of Eton on the big occasion, they certainly concealed it with much cleverness. When Eton went in to make 120, which was 50 more than they might have expected, owing to the last wicket stand of Harrow, some of us looked for thrills. When the first wicket fell for six, there were hopes of excitement. Now for an Eton collapse, and all the rest of it. Not a bit of it. They might have been two middle-aged professionals batting in an exhibition benefit match; not a symptom of flurry or hustle, but that peculiar kind of wooden complacency, which waits for the appropriate ball, and then hits it extremely hard. And one secretly felt all the time that in the improbable event of either of these two getting out, there were half a dozen more strapping candidates for the office of knocking off the runs. The last time Harrow won was in 1908, and they have now, as has been mentioned, lost seven games in succession. This sequence is not unprecedented, though one has to go back a good many years to find its parallel. Between 1851 and 1868 Harrow won eleven out of the twelve matches that were finished, and between 1851 and 1859 they won all the

seven matches that were played. So in the matter of consecutive victories the record of these two historic rivals is identical. Changes are now imminent in the coaching arrangements at Harrow, and though such changes cannot result in more care or devotion to the cricket interests of the school, they may alter the luck. All but the most biased partisans would be glad to see the school that gave the Walkers and Hadows, Hornby and Webbe, Jackson and Maclaren to the game, return to her own again at Lord's.—A. C.

FRUIT FOR MARKET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder if you could assist me with your advice in the question of marketing fruit. I have a good orchard, with some good varieties of apple, pear, plum, peach, nectarine, fig, damson, etc., with a fair crop this year, and though I have received a general offer from a local preserving company, I feel that were I to pack my own fruit, I should in the end probably get a better price for it (although I am eight miles from the station) than if I sold it as it stands to the firm in question. I think many of the varieties should be good enough for the London market, but this is my first year's tenancy of this place, and I have not before had any experience of marketing fruit. I have no idea where to get the boxes and wadding requisite for packing fruit in the most up-to-date fashion, nor am I acquainted with the London market and prices. I have in particular one variety of apple called the D'Arcy Spice apple, which is apparently little

known, but which should vie with the Cox's Orange Pippin for flavour if properly looked after.—ARNOLD KEPPEL.

[As he is not acquainted with market requirements and has no experience of packing fruit, we should not advise our correspondent, for this season at any rate, to venture on sending the fruit to the London markets. Probably his best plan for this season would be to write to a few good-class retailers in his neighbouring towns, giving the approximate quantities he has for disposal and asking for offers. The purchaser would provide empties and would probably prefer to gather and remove the fruit. During the coming season it might be possible for our correspondent to visit a few centres to get some general knowledge of the methods of grading and packing fruit, and then he could make his plans for next year. So far as the late varieties of apple and pear are concerned, it would pay him to store them if he has the necessary accommodation, etc. The D'Arcy Spice apple, though not so well known as Cox's Orange Pippin, is esteemed by connoisseurs as being one of the very best late dessert varieties for use until well into May.—ED.]

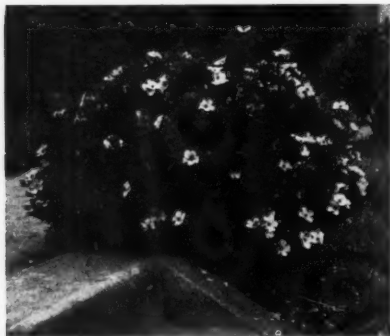
"OLD SUBSCRIBER."

The Editor would be glad if "Old Subscriber," whose letter was dated July 10th, would send him his name and address.

A ROCK ROSE BY THE THAMES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending herewith a photograph of a very beautiful rock rose growing on the side



A SUNSET ROCK ROSE.

of Weir Lock above Staines. This rock rose is said to be one of the variety Sunset. The petals are of glowing red colour surrounding a bunch of yellow anthers. It is well known that rock roses like to grow on a dry bank, and the very fine specimen shown in the accompanying photograph is growing high and dry at the top of the steps leading down to the lock. At noon the plant was a blaze of colour and every flower expanded, but three hours later hardly a flower was seen. It is well known to botanists that all the species of *cistus* close their flowers in the afternoon. In Andalusia, where there are hundreds of square miles covered with *cistus* of all kinds, the hillsides are a blaze of beauty in the morning, but hardly a flower is to be seen after 3 p.m. How would this suit editorial hours?—H. C.

A PRECIOUS LOST DOG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder whether, as a special favour to me, you would publish this account and photograph of a lost dog in your columns: Laddie, a large black and white collie-retriever, was the sole and most devoted companion of a soldier's wife during the war. He saw her off from a Tube station every morning to her war-work, and was let out and went to meet her at the Tube again every evening. His master meanwhile was badly gassed in France—the result of going (against his officer's command) through a heavy gas barrage to take drinking water to the wounded. For this he was awarded the Military Medal. Some weeks ago Laddie disappeared, and all efforts to trace him have failed. He is a beautiful dog, with black head, white spot on forehead, white chest and legs, and bushy black tail tipped with white. He answers to his name and shakes hands by request.



LADDIE.

Being eight years old he is of no great value except to his owners; but their attachment to him is so great that a number of animal-lovers have subscribed £10 for reward, which will be paid to anyone taking him home to 12, Douglas Road, Canonbury.—V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

ABNORMAL PLUMAGE IN BIRDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Since writing the note upon albinism in blackbirds that appeared in COUNTRY LIFE on June 5th, I have, strange to say, seen within the space of one week four varieties of pied blackbird, all being cock birds. Two had large spots on their wing and breast respectively, one a completely white head, while the fourth was very quaintly marked with a half circle, or new moon shaped mark under each eye, the widest part of the crescent being behind the eye. The same bird had some grey feathers in its tail, and the primaries of one wing were grey, while the outer feathers in each case were pure white. All these birds were only once seen, and were therefore, I think, changing their location. A gamekeeper told me that he took the eggs of an ordinary pair of partridges, that had been laid in a hedge, and placed them under a hen. All hatched out, and two of the chicks were pure white, but he was unable to rear them. I remember many years ago being taken to see a colony of white sparrows on the Raglan Run, New Zealand. There were supposed to be about fifty birds, and the colony had established itself in a small track of "bush" almost enclosed by a bend of a stream. Strange to say, on a bend of the same stream, only a mile

long and containing a large anthracite stove, was lifted bodily up from the flooring and pitched upside down a distance of 20yds. on to the tennis court below, scattering about a dozen sacks of corn and meal that were stored in one compartment of the house in all directions. The chickens (sixty) all escaped except two. Rain fell in torrents, but the wind only lasted about five minutes, though its force at the time must have been terrific, as plate-glass from the front of the house was found 40yds. away. The most remarkable thing was that similar houses on either side of the one wrecked and only 20yds. distant were untouched.—VIOLET TREVOR WRIGHT (Axminster).

THE PRUNING OF ROSES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Owing to the stupidity of a gardener, three big rose-beds were not pruned in the spring. When ought the roses to be pruned? Their condition is deplorable.—B. C.

[It would be advisable to cut away now some of the oldest growths, providing it is not done too drastically. This will encourage basal shoots, and you should obtain a good autumnal display if the roses are hybrid teas or perpetual-flowering kinds. After pruning give beds good waterings of liquid manure, but previous to this fork up the soil lightly.—Ed.]

A SCORPION-PROOF CRADLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Pillars such as are shown in this photo-



HUSH-A-BYE BABY, ON A SCORPION PILLAR TOP.

away, there was a colony of pure white pheasants, numbering about thirty. It was supposed that in the first place the original parents of the colonies had been driven away from their fellows and had interbred until they had established a "pure" strain of white birds. The plumage of the pheasants was very beautiful, the markings being visible by the difference in their sheen. Beyond this, I have no remembrance of having seen any pied birds in New Zealand. Nor do I remember seeing any pied birds in Australia, but "English birds" were rare in West Australia. Strange to say nearly every variety of flower in West Australia has a white "sport" generally perfectly pure white, and the plant blooming true to the colour.—H. T. C.

A WHITE SWALLOW.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Flitting up and down the Trent near Newark a white swallow is to be seen—an exquisitely beautiful creature. Like the white crow mentioned last week, this is probably not unknown; but has a pure white swallow been recorded? I have a white sparrow which was shot and set up fifty or sixty years ago.—H. E. BELCHER.

THE WRECK OF THE POULTRY HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A poultry-house, only erected three months ago, on my husband's poultry farm was wrecked by a whirlwind on the morning of the 7th inst. at 9 a.m. The whole house, weighing about three-quarters of a ton, 20ft.

graph are found in the mud villages of Upper Egypt, and are used as a "dump" for the babies of the village at night. They are built of Nile mud, with openings for ventilation, and the overhanging shape of the basin makes access for a scorpion impossible.—L. KEIR HETT.

RECIPES FOR MEAD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In response to your invitation for methods of making mead, I have much pleasure in sending you a good recipe. This one is rather special; the maker was always famous for excellent drink and this is his actual recipe for brewing fine mead. "One hundred and twenty gallons pure soft water and fifteen gallons of clarified honey, well mix and fill brewing copper, boil till reduced about a fourth. I never take off the scum, but keep it well mixed with the liquor while boiling. Draw off and let cool to the warmth of new milk. Tun up and let ferment till a thick head is formed; as soon as working is done, stop down very close, keep all air from it, keep in deep, cool cellar, close from outward air—some makers add elder, rosemary and marjoram in flower, cinnamon, cloves, etc., but I do not approve of the practice; it makes the mead drink flat and alters its colour. When properly preserved this mead is like fine old Malaga wine; bottle when six months old and store in some cool vault." Let us hope if ever honey becomes plentiful again this good old English beverage may escape "Pussyfoot" attention and again become popular.—J. P.

TRIUMPH OF A GOOD HORSE

BUCHAN'S ECLIPSE STAKES VICTORY.

WRITING a week ago on the eve of the race for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park I suggested that one of the three year olds, Allenby for preference, would win. The belief was, I considered, based on sound premises. I thought that the three year olds of 1920 were relatively better than those of 1919, and that being so, then it did not seem likely that Buchan, the now four year old, would concede the weight for age, especially as he had not been a really distinguished three year old. He had failed to win a classic race, though a competitor in each of them, and as the history of the race showed that only a really high-class four year old could win the Eclipse Stakes when high-class three year olds were in opposition, I barred out Buchan and awaited the success of Allenby. I was proved wrong, and I cheerfully admit failure to find the solution of what was really a most fascinating problem. Nevertheless, my line of reasoning was not wrong. It was sound enough. Where I was wrong was in not going far enough, or was it that I went too far in assuming that Allenby could stay a mile and a quarter as well as he could last out a mile? I had reckoned without that factor, for the three year old would have won at a mile, but as he could not afterwards maintain the pressure, Buchan, who could stay, was able to go on and beat him, with another three year old in Silvern intervening between him and Allenby to fill second place.

The deciding factor, therefore, was stamina. Buchan won because he was assisted thereto by the circumstance that he was up against non-staying three year olds. Tetratema cannot get a mile, and Allenby is a very good horse indeed at a mile, but no good beyond; that is, when he is racing in the highest class. It is true Tetratema won the Two Thousand Guineas, but you will remember that he only just scrambled home from Allenby, and some of those he beat were either non-stayers or unfit. Could Silvern be called unfit on that day? His trainer declared him to be trained to the hour, and yet here we saw him turn the tables by many lengths on both Tetratema and Allenby. It was amazing, but it shows how absurdly his Two Thousand Guineas form must have been wrong, apart from the fact that last week's race at Sandown Park shows him up as the best staying three year old in the field.

Just to show how divided opinions were and how perplexed good judges were, take the betting on the Eclipse Stakes—5 to 2 against each Buchan, Allenby and Tetratema! There has never been a great race so apparently open. This is where the best side of racing comes in. You were impressed with the healthy rivalry, the high claims of the horses, all of which made some appeal to you, and the strong element of the sporting chance. All the more satisfactory is it, therefore, that we should have a clean and convincing test with absolutely the best horse at the distance and weights winning.

I, personally, have always thought highly of Buchan, but the way he won this race proved him to be a better horse than I had thought him. We must give him full credit for a very fine performance and not estimate it merely on the conclusion that the three year olds he beat were proved non-stayers. One thing that helped Lord Astor's horse was his splendid condition. This was where we saw the handiwork of Manton's great trainer, Alex Taylor. Buchan has never at any time in his life looked better, and it is even possible to believe that he has made more than the average improvement from three to four years of age. What of his future? He is not likely to be kept in training after this season, and then his stud career must be entered upon at once. There was some talk a little while ago that Lord Astor would sell him, but the situation is rather different now. Buchan, by reason of this latest triumph, is on rather a high pedestal, and his commercial value has unquestionably been enhanced thereby. Let us hope that Lord Astor has decided to keep him, though other quarters than the Clieveden Stud may have to be found for him while the owner will have to find new mares of his own to suit him. There is now a good deal of Sunstar blood among the Clieveden mares and young ones. Of course, Buchan will not be without a keen rival at the stud in that other Sunstar horse, Galloper Light, whose racing career, I hope, is still unfinished.

The mention of Sunstar's name is a reminder of how well Mr. J. B. Joel's horse has done lately. Not only has he deposed The Tetrarch from second place in the winning sire's list, but he is closing the gap which separated him from Polymelus. The

latter strengthened his position when Polly Flinders won the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Park and when Evander won the Soltkyoff Stakes at Newmarket last week. But Sunstar's big jump forward was brought about through Buchan's Eclipse Stakes win and when Alan Breck won the Chesterfield Stakes at the recent Newmarket Meeting. Alan Breck should win some more good races, and Mr. J. B. Joel should score with some Sunstar two-year-olds, including Thunderer, though he regards Humorist as his best two-year-old, and he is by Polymelus. It is significant of the value attached by breeders to Sunstar's stock that any yearlings by him offered for sale are bringing big prices. Assuredly Mr. J. B. Joel made a momentous venture when he secured Sundridge for quite a modest sum and then began to breed from him at the Childwickbury Stud.

I must spare some lines to notice last Saturday's race at Sandown Park for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes. Alan Breck might have won it under his big weight, but no doubt the wiser policy was adopted when Sir James Buchanan's good colt was asked instead to win the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket. The policy paid well, for Alan Breck remains unbeaten, and the Clarehaven stable still had the satisfaction of winning the valuable Sandown Park race with Major Giles Loder's filly, Polly Flinders, distinguished on her breeding alone as being a daughter of Polymelus and Pretty Polly. She is a very beautiful filly, too, and in that respect eminently



W. A. Rouch.

BUCHAN, BY SUNSTAR—HAMOAZE.

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Winner of the Eclipse Stakes two years in succession.

worthy of her famous parents. Not having won a race—she had only once been out before when a good fourth behind Milesius, Thunderer and Monarch for the Coventry Stakes at Ascot—she had a substantial advantage in the weights now with Milesius. The latter, nevertheless, was expected by the majority of people to beat her again. One gathers so much from the fact that he actually started at a shade of odds on in an attenuated field of four. Yet when it came to the race the big grey colt could never go with the filly or even with Lord Astor's Oubliette, an extremely nice filly by Valens from Poppingaol. Even allowing for the difference in weights, Milesius ought to have given a better show.

The Liverpool Summer Cup race, due to be decided to-day, looks to rest between Tangiers and Midshipmite. Both have proved themselves to be good horses, but it is in 1920 that Tangiers has done such big things, including the winning of the Jubilee Handicap, the Newbury Cup and the Ascot Gold Cup on that most unfortunate disqualification of Buchan. Hence the fact that he is now asked to concede 10lb. to Midshipmite. These horses may well start at a false price, especially Tangiers, and I am going to suggest that a better investment may be Devises each way. He is a very nice three year old indeed, and I doubt whether Tangiers can give him 30lb.

Goodwood opens on Tuesday next, and I suggest that one of the three year olds—Plymouth Rock or Le Dauphine—may win the Stewards' Cup, and that Sarchedon, Alan Breck and Thunderer are fully expected to win the engagements which they are to keep.

PHILIPPOS.

LETTERS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN

ON SAILING.—V. ON THE FIRST CRUISE

BY FRANCIS B. COOKE.

I WONDER if it has occurred to you that you are an extremely lucky young sportsman. Here you are with a jolly little boat and the summer before you, and, as you have not owned a yacht before, everything you do will be flavoured with the spice of novelty which will add zest to your sport. In years to come, when you are an expert sailor, you will still, I hope, extract keen enjoyment from your sailing, but I doubt if you will ever again experience in the same degree the thrills that are inseparable from a first trip in one's own craft. As I have given you such a lot of advice on the selection and equipment of your boat, perhaps you will let me accompany you on an imaginary cruise. I may be able to put you up to a few tips, and I promise I will not get in the way. Mind you, I am not going to do any work; I am just going to sit in the well and smoke my pipe. I will tell you what to do, but you must get the boat under way and sail her yourself.

Have you got all your gear in the dinghy? Right, then we'll go on board. You shall row, as exercise is good for the young and I am tired of pulling dinghies—particularly against the tide. Do not take such long strokes; you are not at Henley sculling for the Diamonds in a best boat. These tubby little dinghies should be propelled by short, quick strokes, and you must feather high to avoid cutting the tops off the waves. That's better; we shall be on board in a minute. Here we are. Now round her up head to tide and come alongside gently if you value your new paint. Capital! Wouldn't have crushed an egg. You hang on to the shroud while I get out, and remember that the man nearest the bow should always hold the boat, as otherwise her bow would swing right off. Now you can get out. Have you got the painter in your hand? Good; then jump on board and pass the dinghy aft. Make the painter fast to the end of the main-horse, or one of those bollards. Half a minute; you have not unshipped the rowlocks. Does it matter? Why, of course it matters. If the painter got hitched over one of the rowlocks when we were under way the dinghy would slew round broadside on and be swamped.

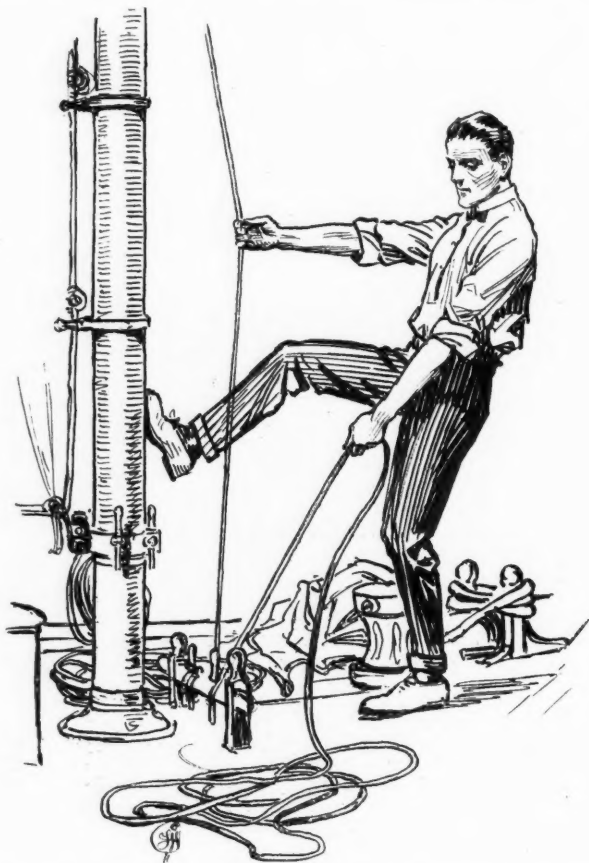
What a glorious day! We shall have a topping sail; but we must stow these things away first. By the way, you have had one or two trips in other men's boats, so I suppose you know the meaning of the more common nautical terms, eh? You have been reading a handbook on sailing, have you? Well, people will tell you that you cannot learn practical seamanship from books, and it is perfectly true; but, all the same, you can pick up a lot of theory in that way; and, in sailing, practice and theory walk hand in hand. Anyhow, you will have learnt the names of things, and that is something achieved. Now let us get on with this stowage. Put the meat and butter in the safe. Yes, that locker under the well seat, the one with holes in the door. Now unpack those parcels, and stow the jam and things in the provision cupboard below the pantry. By Jove! we are not likely to starve, are we? Stow the bottled ale in one of the bunk lockers; the bilge water won't hurt that. What! A bottle of whisky? How on earth did you manage to get hold of that in these days of famine? Your mother thought you might get wet, eh? Very nice of her. I should not be surprised if I got wet myself before the day is over. There, I think everything is snugly stowed now, so we can get under way.

What shall you do first? Well you cannot set the mainsail without taking the cover off, can you? As you unlace it, fold the cover neatly inside out, beginning from the outboard end. It will then be ready to put on when we bring up. That's right; put it away in the sail locker so that it will not get trampled on. Now hook on the main and peak halyards, and then cast off all the mainsail tyers except the one holding the bunt of the sail. When you have done that overhaul a few feet of mainsheet and top the boom, but take care the boom-crutch does not go overboard. There, now the mainsail is ready for setting.

Now you must bend on the headsails. You had better take the jib first. No, that's the foresail, do you not see the hanks on it? This is the jib, and see you set it the right way up. How are you to tell which is the right way up? That is an easy matter. On all fore-and-aft sails the luff rope is sewn on the port side of the sail, and if you remember that, it will be impossible to make a mistake. If there were a strong breeze the proper thing to do would be to send up the headsails in stops—you remember I told you how to do that in a previous letter—but there is not much wind to-day, so you need not

trouble to do it. Bend the tack on to the traveller, and haul it out to the end of the bowsprit. Now hook on the halyard and mouse the hook so that the sail cannot shake off when you are setting it. How do you do that? Why, just take a few inches of marline and tie it round the hook. Look, like this; it's done in a moment and makes a secure job. Now shackle on the sheets, and if you are wise you will also secure the shackle pin with a bit of marline. The foresail is bent on in just the same way, except that the luff is hanked to the forestay and the tack is fastened down with the tack line, which is passed through the eye of the forestay. There, now the sails are ready for setting, and we must consider how we are going to get under way. Oh, there is just one other little matter. As you are going to sail the boat single-handed you had better see that your reef tackle is on the boom and ready for use. Oh, it is there, and I see you have a couple of reef earings rove, so that's all right.

You could not have more comfortable conditions for getting under way. You are riding head to wind and tide and are on a mooring. You can therefore set all your sails at

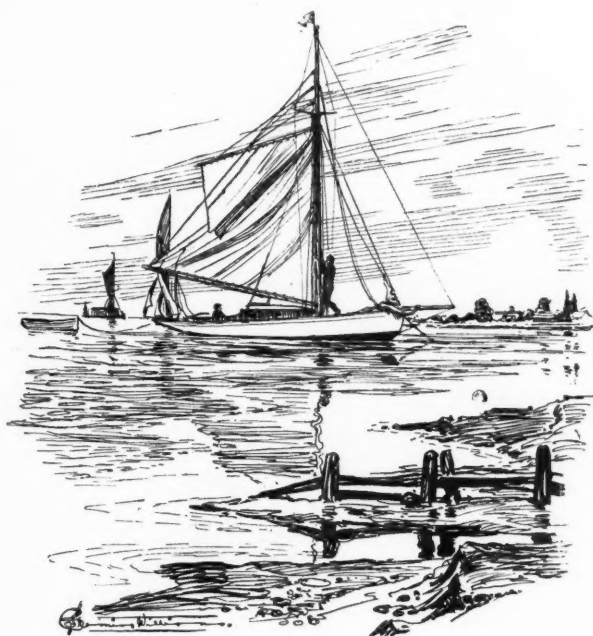


YOU CAN ONLY GET IT LIKE THAT BY "SWEATING" ON THE HALYARD.

your leisure and, when ready, just slip the mooring; but for your future guidance I will give you a tip. When the wind is forward of the beam you can always set your mainsail before slipping your mooring or getting your anchor but, if the wind is anywhere abaft the beam you must get up your anchor or slip the mooring, before setting any sail. Should the wind be actually on the beam you must not set your mainsail, but may set a headsail if it is not blowing hard. The reason for this is that if the yacht drives up over her anchor you will not be able to break it out. The same rules apply when riding to a mooring, as if you drove over it the chain would scrape the yacht's paint and she would, moreover, charge about all over the place. To-day you have ideal conditions as the boat is riding to both wind and tide and you can set your sails and get everything tidied up before you slip your mooring.

Now set the mainsail. Hoist away on both halyards at once—you can do that easily with a little sail like that—and

see the gaff goes up at right angles to the mast, or thereabouts. Haul away until the throat is nearly in position. That's the style. Now belay the peak halyard while you get the last foot or two on the main. No, it's not up properly yet; the luff must be as taut as a bar of iron, and you can only get it like that by "sweating" on the halyard. Just belay the halyard for a moment and then get hold of it with both hands. Put your foot against the mast to give you something to pull against. That's the ticket. Now pull away from the mast with all your weight and strength. There; you've got another two feet in, haven't you? Now come in towards the mast, at the same time pulling down. Take up the slack and belay the halyard securely. You can now hoist the peak of the sail. Haul away on the halyard until there is just a suggestion of a wrinkle in the throat. There, that's enough; belay at that. Capital, the sail is set perfectly and will stand well on the wind; but you will have to slack up the topping lift, or otherwise the sail will be girt across it when you are under way. Coil down the halyards and see that you coil them the right way, or otherwise they will kink and not run freely when you lower the sail. You must coil them from left to right, or clockwise, and just remember that the only ropes ever coiled anti-clockwise are those which are cable-laid, such as hemp warps and lead lines. Now set the headsails and coil down their respective halyards. You had better tuck all of the coils under their standing parts to prevent their being washed overboard. When you have sent the burgee aloft we shall be ready to get



TOP THE BOOM AND LOWER THE PEAK A BIT.

under way. I am glad to see you have it mounted on a cane with a spindle, as that is the only practical way of flying a burgee. First tie the ends of the signal halyards together, and then bend them on to the cane with a couple of clove hitches.

Now we are all ready and you can stream the mooring buoy, or, in other words, chuck it overboard. Pass it under the bowsprit shroud and see that it is all clear, or otherwise you may get hung up when you slip the chain. That smack on our starboard bow is a bit close, so you had better cast to port. How are you going to make her pay off on the right tack? Oh, that's an easy matter when you are riding to a mooring; but, as I am not going to help you, you will have to be nippy over it. First haul in and belay the starboard jib sheet and lash the helm a little to starboard. Now run forward and cast off the mooring chain from the bitts. Is the chain all clear? Then haul on it for a moment to help her pay off. That's the style, she is paying off nicely, so you can drop the chain and dash aft to the tiller. Let the jib draw and get in the foresail sheet. Now she feels it. All you have to do is to trim the sheets. We are going to beat to windward down the river, and let me tell you that that is by far the most interesting and enjoyable point of sailing. Any fool can sail a boat down wind, but to get the best out of a yacht on the wind calls for considerable skill.

I cannot give you any hard and fast rules for trimming your sheets when on a wind, for no two boats are quite alike. It is

only when you know your craft well that you learn exactly how she likes her sails trimmed; but I will give you a few hints which will serve as a rough guide. The average beginner makes the mistake of pinning in the sheets too harshly, being under the impression that the more he gets his sails inboard the nearer to the wind the vessel will point; and so she will, but she won't go where she points. You have got your sheets too taut at the present moment and look at the result. That old barge, with her bellying sails, is coming up on us hand over fist, yet we are pointing much higher. And look at our wake trending away to windward of our course. No self-respecting yacht will go to windward with her sails pinned in like that. And you are pinching her as well. Do you not see that the luff of your mainsail is shaking all the time? Ease off the boom a couple of feet and slack up the jib-sheet a bit. That's better; but you have eased up the jib a trifle too much. Trim it so that it will begin to lift just before the mainsail and then you can sail by the luff of the jib. That is the best guide you can have, as the jib always gets a true wind. The foresail can be trimmed a bit flatter than the jib, as it is a driving sail, and if you do not have it fairly flat it will get the back-draught from the jib. There, that's right; now keep your eye on the luff of the jib and the moment you see it tremble, bear up just sufficiently to keep it full. Your burgee will tell you if you are sailing her too full. Look! we are dropping the barge fast now, simply because we are sailing faster through the water and making less leeway.

Grand breeze, isn't it? Look, she's burying her covering board in the squalls, but you are not getting the best out of her yet. When a squall strikes her you should ease the helm a trifle and let her eat up into the wind. You will be able to collar yards to windward like that every time. But we are getting into shoal water and you had better go about. You want to sail her round, mind, not shove her round. Put the helm down slowly and not too far over, and do not let the headsail sheets go until the jib begins to shake. As long as it is drawing it is pulling her through the water, and you do not want to lose more way than necessary. Now let go the sheets—jib first—and give her a trifle more helm. Watch your jib, and the moment the clew blows clear of the forestay haul in the sheet that is to be the lee one on the new tack, and belay. You will be able to do that with one hand if you get it at the right moment, as there will be no wind in the sail. Then you can haul in the foresail sheet. Good; now steady your helm and we are off on the new tack. We shall weather the point on this board and then have a fair wind. As we round the point and the wind becomes more free you can gradually ease off all the sheets. That's the style; she's beginning to hop along now, isn't she? The wind is already abaft the beam and when we round the next point you will probably have to gybe.

There is nothing in fore-and-aft seamanship that calls for greater care than gybing, for, if you let the boom take charge and there is much weight in the wind, great damage may result. Never run your boat much by the lee, as by doing so you sacrifice speed and run the risk of her gybing herself with disastrous results. I think I shall just have time to give you a few hints on gybing before it is necessary for you to do it. First of all you must haul in the mainsheet until the boom is over the quarter, luffing slightly to enable you to do so without risk of a premature gybe. Then belay the mainsheet, or at any rate take a turn round a bollard, while you set up the lee runner, which, of course, will become the weather one after you have gybed. Slack away the other runner right off and then, as you gently put up the helm, haul in the mainsheet. As the boom comes over snatch a turn of the mainsheet round a bollard or cleat, for otherwise it might be torn through your grasp and skin your hands. As the boom flies over, the yacht will show a tendency to broach to and she must therefore be met with the helm. As soon as the boom has swung across, the mainsheet should be eased up and the headsails sheeted to leeward.

There are two other points to remember when you are gybing a yacht: one is to keep your head clear of the boom as it sweeps across the deck, and the other to see that you do not get entangled in the coils of the mainsheet. Do you remember what R. L. Stevenson wrote on this subject in his fine novel, "The Ebb Tide"? Perhaps it will help to impress on your memory the importance of keeping clear of the gear when gybing if I quote the incident. Captain Davis has just knocked down that poisonous little cad Huish to save him from injury as the schooner's mainboom flies over in a heavy gybe and Huish resents it. "Do you know you struck me?" said he.

"Do you know I saved your life?" returned the other, not deigning to look at him, his eyes travelling instead between the compass and the sails. "Where would you have been if that boom had swung out and you bundled in the slack? No, sir, we'll have no more of you at the mainsheet. Seaport

towns are full of mainsheetmen; they hop upon one leg, my son, what's left of them, and the rest are dead. Struck you, did I? Lucky for you I did."

Now we are by the lee and you will have to think about gybing. Look at the burgee and you will see that the wind is striking the yacht on the same side as that on which she is carrying her boom. The boat's speed has also slackened off and I expect you feel scarcely any strain on the tiller—a sure indication that you are a good deal by the lee. Now you had better gybe and see if you can remember what I have just been telling you. Capital; you did that very smartly; and now, what do you say to bringing up for lunch? We shall find a nice quiet berth under this weather shore. I said I was not going to take any part in the sailing of the boat, but I am getting hungry, so I'll just hang on to the tiller while you lower away the headsails

and get the anchor over the side. You will notice that we are running with a fair tide and what you have to do is to round her up head to wind under her mainsail, letting go the anchor as she comes round. That will ensure the cable being drawn clear of the anchor and will also help to drive the fluke well into the mud. Never let go an anchor while the boat is stationary, or the chain will fall on top and foul it. Always drop your anchor while the boat is forging ahead or wait until she has gathered sternway. Now I am going to put the helm down, so stand by. Let go! There, she has run out about 10 fathoms of chain, which should be just about the right scope, as we are in 3 fathoms of water just here. As we are lying head to wind and tide you can leave the mainsail set while we have lunch, but just top the boom and lower the peak a bit.

A WONDERFUL FOURSOME

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

THERE were not, more is the pity, many people at Addington last Saturday to see the final of the London Foursomes between Mid-Surrey and Addington, but those who did see it will not easily forget it. There were many very good shots, a few very bad ones, but above all the match was a psychological study of absorbing interest. "Nine-tenths of golf is mental" I have heard Mr. Charles Hutchings declare, and this match went far to prove his point. There was skill on both sides, reinforced on the one side by youth, length and dash, on the other, if one may respectfully say so, by age, cunning and strategy. Undoubtedly youth ought to have won, but it did not, and it did not deserve to. Mr. Mellin and Mr. Hooman gave the chances, Mr. Fry and Mr. Taylor took them and won.

There were two distinct moments when it seemed all over with Mid-Surrey. One was at the end of the sixth hole, when the Addington couple, playing like a well oiled machine of tremendous power, stood three up. Then they made a slip, a tee shot cut just too fine at the seventh, followed by an inglorious display in the ensuing bunker, and behold, something of the rhythm and confidence had gone out of their game for the day. It would not be fair to say that they broke down; they did not, but they became ordinary mortals thenceforward. They had been juggernauts trampling down all who came in their way. Now they lost their stride. Even so, however, after they had been pulled back to all square, they regained the lead and stood two up with four to go. Again they made a bad slip—a topped pitch that might have been more safely played as a run-up, followed by a downhill putt that ran out of holing. The Fates are spiteful, unforgiving ladies, and they did not forget that error. They meted out a dead stymie to Addington on the seventeenth green, when there was only a 4ft. putt to hole for the match, and that stymie "put the lid on it." Mid-Surrey squared the match with a really great last hole, and over the nineteenth let a merciful veil be drawn. We have all done the dreadful things that Addington did at that hole and shall do them till we die.

One party nearly always does its best to lose a golf match, but the other does not always do its best to win it. It was the shining virtue of the Mid-Surrey couple that they were never flurried and tried so bravely to the bitter end. Matches cannot always be won by sticking to it, but it is wonderful how often they are. In the semi-final round Mid-Surrey were in a worse predicament than even in the final. Mr. Harris and Colonel Williams were two up with four to go, and on the fourteenth green they had only to get down in two putts from seven or eight yards to be three up. Colonel Williams had a deceitful putt which looked like a downhill putt and was not. He did what he very, very seldom does—putted short—and Mr. Harris did what he very seldom does either, failed with a fairly simple putt to win the hole. After that Harewood went from one mistake to another and Mid-Surrey kept on steadily and let the holes come back to them.

I feel that by emphasising their opponents' mistakes I may be doing injustice to Mid-Surrey. They won primarily by their negative virtues of not doing stupid things at important moments, but they had plenty of positive virtues as well. When they beat Mr. Holderness and Mr. Layton of Walton Heath they both played really very well indeed. After that Mr. Fry was hardly at his best, though he pegged away most nobly; but Mr. Taylor's golf was excellent throughout. It is a long time since he has played so well. He was especially good with his spoon. He used it freely, and I do not remember to have seen him play anything but a good shot with it, while one, his second at the eighth in the final, was the shot of the tournament.

It was impossible not to rejoice over so gallant and successful an uphill fight as that of the winners. It was also impossible not to be sorry for Mr. Mellin and Mr. Hooman. Till that fatal seventh-hole in the final their golf had been on a level of steady brilliance very seldom touched by amateurs. Round after

round they slaughtered their opponents, not always very strong ones be it whispered, by about 7 and 6, and for all the holes they had played till the final they were a stroke better than an average of fours. Mr. Mellin in particular played truly magnificent golf. He was always a strong player, but he has improved amazingly in the last year. He has, I think, even improved since he was in the semi-final at Muirfield a month ago, and the crispness and power and ease of his game came up to a high professional standard. But the slaughtering of comparative rabbits is not always the best preparation for the meeting of some animal armed with tenacious teeth and claws. However much we may brace ourselves for the encounter, the shock of finding that it is to be a real fight and not another easy triumph is always an unpleasant one. Mr. Mellin and Mr. Hooman let themselves be just a little worried and Mr. Fry and Mr. Taylor did the rest. Such is golf. It is a cruel game, if we let ourselves think too seriously about it.

THE GATE TO GOLF.

I have been sent an interesting little book and a more interesting little apparatus called "The Gate to Golf," by means of which Douglas Edgar proposes to teach us what he calls "the movement," namely, the right way of moving a golf club. Edgar, it will be remembered, was one of the very best of our younger professionals, and in 1914 he seemed really to be coming into his own when he beat all the cracks so decisively in the French Open Championship at Le Touquet. Then came the war, and Edgar, after serving in the Army, went to America and was lost to us.

Any mechanical device is very hard to explain, but I will try to explain the gate. There is first of all a rubber tee. Attached to it is a strip of rubber which runs backwards parallel with the line on which the club should be swung back. There is, further, another piece of rubber which is to be spiked into the ground on the near side of the ball, but in front, and not behind it. Thus, if I have made myself clear at all, it will be seen that the ball is in the middle of a gateway, and the player must swing his club through the gateway without touching either of the gate-posts. That is not all, however. The first strip of rubber, running backwards, is not a straight strip: it has a distinct inward curve in it. It indicates the line on which Edgar wants us to take back the club or, in his own words, to "throw it round the right hip." He wants us to take it back rather inwards and bring it down rather outwards—to use, as he says, the throwing rather than the lifting muscles, and further he is anxious that we should not concern ourselves too much with the "fetish" of having the left wrist right under the shaft at the top of the swing.

I have not yet had the chance of driving a ball through the gate, but I have had some swings through it. I managed to get through without hitting the posts, feeling rather like the Artillery in a driving competition at the Military Tournament. A lady who tried at the same time was not so successful, but carried the whole of the left gate-post away. That was very soothing, for there must be someone in the world with a worse swing than mine. Seriously, the device seems to me a very ingenious one. The only doubt in my mind at present is whether it will not teach its pupils to play with a permanent hook. Even this may be a benefit, because most people do something much worse, namely, play with a permanent slice. Certainly one has a "hooky" sensation when swinging through the gate, and that advice about the left wrist sounds, of course, alarmingly heterodox. Be this as it may, I do believe that a little practice through the gate would get some rhythm and power into many swings that now sadly lack either. I ought to add that the gate can be, so it is said, set for a slice or a hook, and it is disposed rather differently for iron shots than for those with wooden clubs. Moreover, the more skilful we become the narrower we can make it. As soon as I can I am going to put the gate privately in my pocket and slink away to some well hidden spot, to learn "the movement."